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ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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JULY — DECEMBER.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικουρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικὴν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἑκάστη τῶν αἵρεσέων· οὐκ ἂν καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετ' εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ ἘΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.—
CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* L. I.

NEW SERIES.

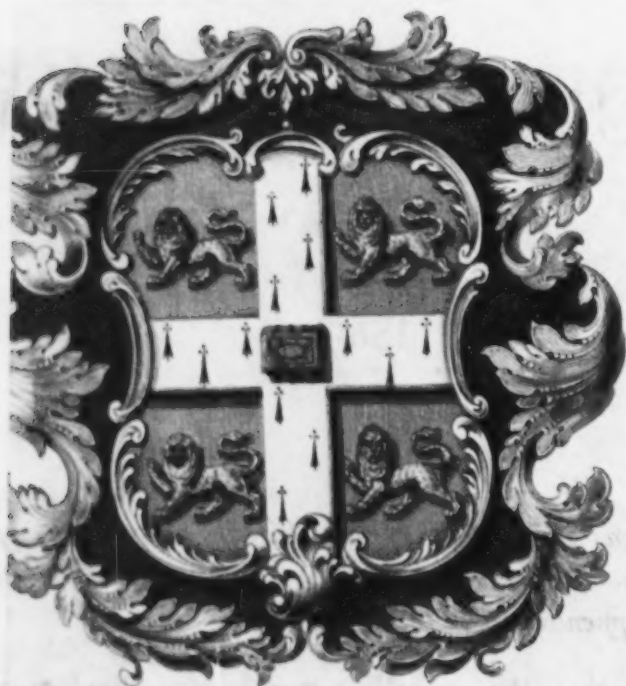
VOL. XXVIII.

LONDON:

WARD & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

W. OLIPHANT AND SON, EDINBURGH; D. ROBERTSON, GLASGOW;
G. AND R. KING, ABERDEEN; AND J. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.

1850.



Academiae Cantabrigiensi
Liber.

LONDON :
MIALLE AND COCKSHAW, PRINTERS, 4, HORSE-SHOE-COURT, LUDGATE-HILL.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

JULY, 1850.

ART. I.—*Report from the Select Committee on Public Libraries ; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix. 1849.*

DURING the last few months, startling statements, disclosing the dearth of public libraries in the United Kingdom, have appeared in most of our public journals. They do not, however, comprise a tithe of the curious and valuable information embedded in the bulky blue-book from which they were excerpted. This document is a rich mine of suggestive facts and data, which we should be glad to see assorted, and smelted into a compact and available form, for the use of the advocates of education and the apostles of popular enlightenment. It exhibits the most singular national anomalies, and develops phenomena at once humiliating and cheering. Its revelations are alternately streaked with lights and shadows, in strange and fitful contrast. Whilst—judging from the scantiness of the provision made for our intellectual illumination and nurture—we are shown to be the most benighted of all civilized peoples, we are, perhaps, notwithstanding these serious disadvantages and drawbacks, eclipsing every other nation in the wide diffusion of knowledge, the inventiveness of genius, the mastership of mind, and the opulence and upward

tendency of our literature. Our object, in the present article, is to classify and condense, as far as possible, some of the information scattered through the work referred to;—information that has been gleaned from the most varied sources—from clergymen, librarians, *literati*, Members of Parliament, town clerks, examiners of Continental governments, popular lecturers, self-educated working-men, and city missionaries. Yet, in spite of the great diversity existing in the character, position, and experience of these witnesses, there is found to be, on collating their evidence, a remarkable oneness of sentiment on the two more prominent topics of inquiry—namely, the disgraceful destitution of public depositories of books, freely accessible to the public; and the growing capacity of the humbler classes of society to appreciate and improve the privileges conferred by such institutions.

Not many years ago, the attention of Parliament and the public was directed to the formation of free galleries, museums of art, and schools of design, as a means of popular enlightenment and an incitement to intellectual pursuits. Many persons at the time displayed considerable opposition to this proposal, and libellously contended that, however successfully such institutions might be established among foreign nations, they would not be appreciated, and might be abused, by our own. The experiment, however, was made. The British Museum, the magnificent gallery at Hampton Court, the National Gallery, with various other metropolitan and provincial institutions, were thrown open gratuitously to the public. The boding vaticinations of the false prophets were utterly falsified. The decorum of the people speedily struck their jealous slanderers dumb. And it is now universally admitted that no abuse has attended the concession, whilst it is impossible to calculate the large measure of rational enjoyment and healthy mental stimulus that has resulted. Another, and a yet more beneficent improvement, still remains to be effected. The extensive establishment of public libraries throughout the entire country, and particularly in the large centres of population, is one of the greatest desiderata of the age. Such libraries have long existed on the Continent, and have enjoyed the fosterage of the governments of the various States. It can scarcely be doubted that the influences emanating from such stores of accumulated lore have been fraught with incalculable advantages to the literature and general character of the people among whom they have been amassed. And, by parity of reasoning, it may be inferred that the literature of England, and the mental stature and stamina of its sons, denied the benefits of such institutions, must have

proportionately suffered. The extent to which this national privation may have tended to impoverish our literary treasures, to propagate error and ignorance from age to age, to cripple British intellect and limit its achievements, it is impossible to ascertain. We find Gibbon complaining that, in his time, 'the greatest city in the world was destitute of that useful institution, a public library;' and that 'the writer who had undertaken to treat any large historical subject, was reduced to the necessity of purchasing for his private use a numerous and private collection of books which must form the basis of his work.' Even in a large town like Liverpool, there was no public depository of books from which Roscoe could procure the ordinary Italian works requisite for composing his 'Historical Biographies'; so that he, like Gibbon, was under the costly necessity of purchasing his own materials of literary workmanship. Only within the last quarter of a century, Graham, the learned historian of North America, left this land, and established himself at Göttingen, for the sole purpose of availing himself of the rich and freely-accessible collection of books in its university. George Dawson, in his evidence, complained that, in consequence of the absence of such auxiliaries to literary labour, authors and editors at the present day suffered great inconveniences and losses, especially in country towns. The literary man is obliged to make a list of the topics he wishes to elucidate, and, if poor, reserve them till he visits London; or should he happen to be in easy circumstances, he comes up on purpose to solve those questions. He (Mr. Dawson) knew a person who came up expressly on such an errand from Leicester; but, from not having made proper inquiry, when he arrived in London he found the British Museum closed. That necessarily created great delay. 'There are many books which it is very necessary to refer to, and which ought to be attainable in all large towns, but which are not to be obtained in the country at all—works, too, without which a man could not carry on a newspaper for six months. Supposing, for instance, he wanted to write an article on the Hungarian struggle, the chances are that he could not get any thoroughly good work on Hungarian history, or public documents connected with that country, in Birmingham. Therefore, public libraries are not only desirable for the working classes, but also, and almost equally, for the instructors of those classes—the men who contribute to the periodical literature and the newspapers of the country.' With these few specimen facts before us, it may be safely inferred that the standard of British literature, as compared with that of foreign nations where opportunities of ample research have been enjoyed, has suffered

deterioration from the want of suitable depôts of books, easy of access. Nor can it be denied, that the same privation must have acted detrimentally on the great body of the people.

With a view of establishing the fact of the immense superiority of foreign libraries over our own—in respect to their numbers, the vastness of the literary wealth they enshrine, their entire accessibility to applicants from among every class of the community, and the extent to which they are allowed to circulate beyond the walls of the institution—we will, in the most compendious form possible, present some comparative statements of the principal Continental and British libraries. From the evidence laid before the committee, which is said to embody the nearest approximation to truth that can be attained, it appears that France contains 186 public libraries, 109 of which comprehend 10,000 volumes or upwards each; Belgium, 14; the Prussian States, 53, or 44 possessing above 10,000 volumes; Austria, with Lombardy and Venice, 49; Saxony, 9; Bavaria, 18; Denmark, 5; Tuscany, 10; Hanover, 5; Naples and Sicily, 8; Papal States, 16; Portugal, 7; Spain, 27, or 17 comprising 10,000 volumes; Switzerland, 13; Russian Empire, 12; whilst Great Britain and Ireland possess only 34 such depositories of learning, *the large majority of which, moreover, are accessible only to privileged individuals or corporations*, and ought not properly to be included under such a category.

Upon further inspection of the tabular statements it is discoverable that out of a total of 458 libraries in the European States, there are 53 that are distinguished as LENDING libraries; but of this goodly number, thus standing out in bold and honorable relief, *not one is to be found in our so much belauded country*. In these 53 libraries alone, in the year 1848, there were more than seven millions of volumes, independent of manuscripts, which are thus rendered eminently serviceable to the inhabitants of the several towns, cities, and neighbourhoods in which they are deposited. In a statistical list, exhibiting 330 towns or cities throughout Europe, that are enriched by the possession of town, university, cathedral, communal, gymnasium, or public libraries, the keenest scrutiny can detect no more than eleven places lying within the boundaries of these favoured isles of ours, whilst the chief of the literary stores belonging even to these are placed under the most exclusive regulations.

If from countries we descend to particular towns and cities, we find the contrast between our own and foreign lands no less discouraging and humiliating. In the following table are represented the number of libraries in some of the principal capitals and other distinguished places in Europe—the aggregate

volumes in each town or city—the population of the same—and the proportion of volumes to every 100 of its inhabitants:—

Name of Town.	No. of Libs.	Agregate No. of Volumes.	Population of each City or Town.	No. of Vols. to every 100 persons.
Milan . . .	2	250,000	171,268	146
Padua . . .	3	177,000	45,000	393
Prague . . .	3	198,000	107,358	184
Venice . . .	4	137,000	97,156	141
Vienna . . .	3	453,000	360,000	126
Heidelberg . . .	1	200,000	13,430	1,500
Munich . . .	2	800,000	106,537	751
Nuremberg . . .	2	46,000	40,000	115
Brussels . . .	2	143,500	134,000	107
Copenhagen . . .	3	557,000	119,292	467
Montpellier . . .	3	100,000	33,864	295
Paris . . .	9	1,474,000	920,000	160
Hamburgh . . .	6	200,367	128,000	156
Naples . . .	4	290,000	350,000	82
Bologna . . .	2	233,000	69,000	337
Rome . . .	6	465,000	152,000	306
Berlin . . .	2	460,000	290,797	158
Breslau . . .	4	370,000	88,869	416
Petersburgh . . .	3	505,900	469,720	107
Genoa . . .	4	120,000	97,620	122
Dresden . . .	4	340,500	69,500	490
Leipsic . . .	2	192,000	47,514	404
Madrid . . .	2	260,000	170,000	153
Stockholm . . .	2	82,000	83,885	97
Upsal . . .	1	150,000	4,500	3,333
Florence . . .	6	299,000	97,548	306
BRITISH, &c.				
Aberdeen . . .	2	46,000	64,778	71
Cambridge . . .	5	261,724	25,000	1,046
Dublin . . .	4	143,654	238,531	60
Edinburgh . . .	3	288,854	138,182	209
Glasgow . . .	3	80,096	300,000	26
London . . .	4*	490,500	2,200,000	22
Manchester . . .	1	19,900	360,000	5½
Oxford . . .	8	373,300	24,000	1,547

These figures but too faithfully represent the meagre supply of books for the free use of the people of this country compared with Continental States. Even Oxford and Cambridge, which at

* For an account of the character of these Metropolitan libraries, see p. 14 *et seq.*

first sight may strike us as being redeeming exceptions to the rule, yield up their solitary glory on the slightest examination. The valuable libraries for which they are distinguished are in no sense entitled to the designation of 'public'—so that the above representation is fallaciously favourable to those ancient towns; the books bear no sort of profitable relation to the inhabitants at all, except it be the relation which the ensepulchred dead bear to the living men who continually wander about the precincts of their tombs. The books are solely appropriated to the use of the *literati*, and students connected with the universities. They repose, from year to year, upon their stately shelves, in solemn and unruffled quietude, unquestioned by the eager lips and eyes of the outside multitude. Speaking of the Cambridge libraries, the Rev. J. J. Smith, librarian at Caius College, remarked that they were confined to the respective bodies in the University. There have recently been some enlargements and improvements introduced into the regulations, whereby the restrictions hitherto existing have been relaxed, involving a more extended admission of readers. 'The University for the most part consists of three degrees—masters of arts, bachelors of arts, and under-graduates. For a long time, the masters of arts only had access to the books. After a certain time, those non-resident in the University, and those resident too, had the privilege of taking out of the building ten volumes each. Some years afterwards, the bachelors of arts, the second degree, had the same privilege allowed to them within other limits—five books, for instance, was the number allowed to be taken out; and just within this month (May 1849), they have conceded to the under-graduates the privilege of having books out at the recommendation of the college tutors.' The same witness, referring to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, stated that their system is much more restricted. For example, no master of arts even, belonging to the University, either resident or non-resident, can take any book out. He must use them in the building, from which they are never suffered to be removed. *No under-graduate is even suffered to read the books in the Bodleian collection.* Thus, in these famous seats of learning, to whose stores of erudition every British author is compelled gratuitously to supply a copy of all the works he publishes, the members of the republic of letters are excluded from all participation in the advantages they have created and sustained.

The following list exhibits the principal libraries of the several European capitals, arranged in the order of their respective magnitudes. Those before which an asterisk appears, are *lending* libraries:—

		Vols.
Paris . . .	*National Library . . .	824,000
Munich . . .	*Royal Library . . .	600,000
Petersburgh .	Imperial Library . . .	446,000
London . . .	British Museum Library . .	435,000
Copenhagen .	*Royal Library . . .	412,000
Berlin . . .	*Royal Library . . .	410,000
Vienna . . .	*Imperial Library . . .	313,000
Dresden . . .	*Royal Library . . .	300,000
Madrid . . .	National Library . . .	200,000
Wolfenbützel	Ducal Library . . .	200,000
Stuttgart . .	Royal Library . . .	187,000
Paris . . .	Arsenal Library . . .	180,000
Milan . . .	*Brera Library . . .	170,000
Paris . . .	*St. Geneviève Library . .	150,000
Darmstadt . .	*Grand Ducal Library . . .	150,000
Florence . . .	Magliabecchian Library . .	150,000
Naples . . .	*Royal Library . . .	150,000
Brussels . . .	Royal Library . . .	133,500
Rome . . .	Casanati Library . . .	120,000
Hague . . .	Royal Library . . .	100,000
Paris . . .	*Mazarine Library . . .	100,000
Rome . . .	Vatican Library . . .	100,000
Parma . . .	*Ducal Library . . .	100,000

It may be interesting to our readers, whilst treating upon these magnificent institutions, to put them in possession of a few curious particulars relative to their privileges, their antiquity, the causes that have contributed to their progressive increase, and the munificent funds that have been appropriated to their sustentation and enlargement.

The majority of the libraries specified above are entitled, by law, to a copy of every book published within the States to which they respectively belong. This privilege is enjoyed by the national libraries of Paris and Madrid; the royal libraries of Munich, Berlin, Copenhagen, Vienna, Naples, Brussels, and the Hague; the Brera Library at Milan; the Magliabecchian at Florence; the Ducal Library at Parma; together with the library of the British Museum. Exclusive of England, the practice prevails nowhere to so great an extent as in Lombardy and Venice, and in Parma—two of the worst governed countries in Europe. In Belgium and France, three copies are exacted; in Austria, Denmark, Naples, and Geneva, two copies; in Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Holland, Tuscany, Sardinia, Portugal, Hungary, Bohemia, and the United States, only one copy. In several of the Swiss cantons, copies were formerly exacted, but when the censorship of the press was abolished, that exaction ceased.

In *France*, according to Monsieur Guizot, the bookseller is

required to transmit three copies of every work published to the office appointed, upon failure to do which he becomes obnoxious to prosecution. This exaction extends to every successive edition of a work, and also includes those of a costly description. But the government frequently subscribes towards productions of a high and expensive character, in order to facilitate their publication.

In some parts of *Germany*, it is compulsory that every author shall give to the library under the special patronage of the State, one copy of his work; in others, it is not compulsory, but it is always done, as a sort of traditional civility. It is not customary, however, to present a specimen of every reproduction, unless important alterations have been made. Mons. Libri, an Italian *literateur*, who has had great experience in the management of public libraries, esteems the usage a hardship and injustice to authors. Sometimes, in the case of large, illuminated, or costly works, in order to evade the sacrifice, bad copies will be done for the government, so that the libraries for which they are destined are afterwards obliged to purchase perfect copies. From his familiar acquaintance with the working of this compulsory presentation system, he entertained strong convictions of its practical inefficiency. 'I believe,' he asserts, 'that at least the half of those books are lost; they come in, generally, in such a way—by sheets, &c.—that it is impossible to get them into proper order without very large expense, so as to realize the full benefit of the law. It has been stated that at least 25,000 volumes are missing in the *Depôt Legal* of France. The *Depôt Legal* is the establishment to which the editors are obliged to consign those copies. It would be more advisable to keep only a single copy of every work, for in that way it might be preserved. At present, in Paris, for instance, those books are not useful at all. If any body applies for a modern book, printed during the past year, he is almost sure *not* to find it in the National Library.' Thus it seems that authors and publishers resort to every available expedient to impede the free working of what they evidently regard as an unrighteous law.

In *Belgium*, likewise, the law compels the producer of a book to send three copies of every edition to the municipal council of the town in which it is published, and which thus becomes a guarantee for his copyright. The work is then sent from the provincial town to the government. In that country there are very few works towards which the government does not subscribe for a number of copies, thus affording a stimulus to literary enterprise, and placing itself in a position to distribute some copies to the libraries in the provinces, thereby encouraging the establishment and extension of such depositories. All the libraries

have become municipal since the time of the French republic ; those of Liege and Ghent were ceded to the Universities, but with this restriction, that they should always remain the property of the town ; in consequence of which the government have sometimes, within a period of twenty years, spent some £12,000 on the enrichment of those noble institutions. Although the Chamber ordinarily only votes a grant of 65,000 or 70,000 francs for the Royal Public Library of Brussels, yet whenever there occurs a large sale of books, a special grant is made for the purpose. It recently happened that one of the most choice and curious public libraries had been announced for sale ; a bulky catalogue, occupying six vols, had been printed ; the government immediately came forward, bought the entire collection for about £13,000, and added it to the royal library at the capital. They did the same thing also at Ghent. The library bought at Ghent consisted of about 20,000 vols., and that in Brussels of about 60,000 vols.

In many of the Continental States, where the governments watch all the publications emanating from the press with great jealousy, the books are required chiefly in order to ascertain whether they correspond with the manuscript after it had passed the ordeal of censorship.

The same regulation for the compulsory delivery of books by authors or publishers is imposed in *England*. And although the Legislature, a few years ago, reduced the number of copies so exacted from eleven to five, it is still felt to be an oppressive tax, especially as some considerable portion of the books *go to the extension of libraries that are not public*. The origin of this exaction was first of all a private agreement between Sir Thomas Bodley and the Stationers' Company in 1610, which was afterwards recognised by the Legislature. In 1637, there was a decree of the Star Chamber enforcing the delivery, which had been much neglected. By subsequent Copyright Acts, the three copies originally levied were augmented to eleven. Still earlier than 1610, there had been a demand of one copy from every printer, which was purely for the purposes of censorship. Under the Copyright Act, the following are the libraries that were entitled to receive copies of works gratuitously :—The British Museum ; Sion College, in London ; the Bodleian Library, at Oxford ; the University Library at Cambridge ; the libraries of Trinity College, in Dublin ; King's Inn, in Dublin ; the Faculty of Advocates, in Edinburgh ; together with those of the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews ; making eleven in all. The Copyright Amendment Act, passed in 1836, abolished the privilege in respect to six of the number,

and substituted a money grant from the Treasury, varying in amount—the highest being that granted to Glasgow of £707; to St. Andrew's, £630; to Edinburgh, £575; to the King's Inn Library, Dublin, £433; to Sion College, London, £363; and to the University of Aberdeen, £320; so that much inequality now exists. The total amount received by those libraries is £3,028. The Act was not extended to Oxford and Cambridge University libraries, in consequence of their refusal to accept compensation, and the strong indisposition they evinced to submit to any change in the ancient arrangements. In reference to the ineffective and vexatious working of the present law of copyright in England, Mr. Edwards's remarks are worthy of attention. 'Even with regard to its express intention,' he says, 'I think it is framed in a very bungling manner; for example, the booksellers of Dublin, instead of delivering a book to Trinity College, may send it up to London, and force Trinity College to get it back at its own expense. I have known that to be done. Booksellers are often very much annoyed by the exaction, and obey the act with great unwillingness. . . . It would be very desirable to retain the power of exacting copies, but I would grant the power of payment for them at the trade price; at least in all instances where payment shall be requested. By this method we should secure the desideratum of having certain great repositories in the country, containing all the books that are published, without inflicting injustice on authors.'

An idea may be formed of the large number of works thus annually exacted, from the fact that during the last ten years there have been published in the United Kingdom, 31,395 books; the estimated value of one copy of each of which, taken at publication price, is £13,420. This calculation embraces new works, and new editions and reprints of old books, but it excludes pamphlets and periodical publications. In Germany the total number of separate works, inclusive of pamphlets, published in 1846, was 11,600; in 1847, about 11,400; and in 1848, about 10,500. In France there appeared, in 1842, 6,445 separate works, pamphlets included; and in 1847, 5,530.

An investigation into the date of the foundation of some of the European libraries, and into the causes of their comparative progressive augmentation, is suggestive of many important considerations that may be turned to practical account by those who are labouring to build up the intellectual greatness of our country. The most ancient of the great libraries of printed books is thought to be that at Vienna, which dates from 1440, and is said to have been opened to the public as early as 1575. The Town Library at Ratisbon, dates from 1430; St. Mark's Library, at

Venice, from 1468 ; the Town Library of Frankfort, from 1484 ; that of Hamburgh, from 1529 ; of Strasburg, from 1531 ; of Augsburg, from 1537 ; those of Berne and Geneva, from 1550 ; that of Basel, from 1564. The Royal Library of Copenhagen was founded about 1550. In 1671, it possessed 10,000 vols. ; in 1748, about 65,000 ; in 1778, 100,000 ; in 1820, 300,000 ; and it is now supposed to contain 412,000 vols. The National Library, in Paris, was founded in 1595, but was not made public until 1737. In 1640, it contained about 17,000 vols. ; in 1684, 50,000 ; in 1775, 150,000 ; in 1790, 200,000 ; and it now possesses at least 824,000 vols. The Library of the British Museum was established in 1753, and opened to the public in 1757, with about 40,000 vols. In 1800, it contained about 65,000 vols. ; in 1823, 125,000 ; in 1836, nearly 240,000 ; and it now comprehends 435,000 vols. But it is not to be inferred that the whole of the difference between 1836 and 1848 arises from the actual increase of the collection ; but is to be accounted for by the circumstance that many thousands of tracts, formerly in volumes or cases, have been separately bound, and are now enumerated as distinct volumes.

The steady growth of the Copenhagen Library has been mainly owing to judicious purchases at favourable opportunities. The rapid increase of the noble National Library at Paris, since 1790, is in a great measure to be ascribed to the Revolution : the suppression of the monasteries and convents, and the confiscation of the property of rebels and emigrants, having placed many fine libraries at the disposal of the ruling powers of the day. And although, in some cases, large numbers of books and manuscripts appear to have been summarily disposed of ' for the service of the arsenal,' more usually special instructions were given, that the officers at the head of the National Library should have an unlimited power of selection, and of this they made extensive use. The increase of the British Museum, on the other hand, is mainly indebted to donations. Of its 435,000 books, at least 200,000 have been presented or bequeathed.

Many of the chief libraries of Continental cities are sustained by their respective governments in a spirit of great liberality. The average annual sum allotted to the support of the National Library, at Paris, is £16,575 ; to that of the Royal Library, at Brussels, £2,700 ; to that of Munich, about £2,000 ; to that of Vienna, £1,900 ; to that of Berlin, £3,745 ; to that of Copenhagen, £1,250 ; to that of Dresden, £500 ; and to that of the Grand Ducal Library of Darmstadt, £2,000.

The average annual sum expended in the purchase of printed books for the library of the *British Museum*, previous to 1836,

was only £1,135. From 1837 to 1845 inclusive, the sum devoted to this purpose averaged £3,443 a year. In 1846 and 1847, in consequence of urgent representations having been made to the Treasury of the great deficiencies existing in the collection of printed books, a special increase of the Parliamentary grant was made, amounting to £10,000. In 1848, however, this sum was reduced to £8,500; whilst, in 1849, it was still further frittered down to £5,000. The entire amount of this latter year allotted to the sustentation of the library, in all its departments, is £23,261. The aggregate of the sums expended in the purchase of printed books, including maps and musical works, from its foundation, in 1753, to Christmas, 1847, is £102,447; and that expended in the purchase of manuscripts, £42,940: together, £145,387. The sums expended during the same period, in prints and drawings, amount to £29,318; in antiquities, coins, and medals, to £125,257; and in specimens of natural history, to £43,599.

A comparison between the funds appropriated by the French and British legislatures, for the general formation and maintenance of public depositories of books, places the latter in a still more unfavourable light. Confining our attention to those libraries alone which constitute independent establishments, and where the exact amount of funds can therefore be ascertained, it appears that, since 1823, the French government has voted the sum of £426,571 for four public libraries in Paris, exclusive of another sum of £107,426 for buildings and their maintenance. The accounts of the expenditure of the French Institute show that £16,848 have been appropriated to its library, during the same period, from the public treasury; to that of the University of Paris, £13,011: making a total of £456,430 devoted to the public libraries of Paris; exclusive of those of the Museum of Natural History, the School of the Fine Arts, the Observatory, and the fine public library of the Conservatory of Music (which is said to contain 17,000 vols.). If the proportion of the public grants to these institutions expended on their books be calculated approximately at £65,000, the aggregate total so expended by votes of the French Legislature will be £521,430; or, on the average, to £20,055 a year.

During these same twenty-six years, the sum devoted by the British House of Commons to public libraries in London, is, at the utmost, £282,486; or, on an average, £10,864 a year.

The bird's-eye view we have thus endeavoured to present of the great libraries of Europe would be incomplete without a hasty glance at those connected with the Universities. Those

specially entitled to notice may be ranked in the following order:—

		Vols.
Göttingen	*University Library	360,000
Breslau	. . University Library	250,000
Oxford	. . Bodleian Library	220,000
Tübingen	. . University Library	200,000
Munich	. . University Library	200,000
Heidelberg	. . University Library	200,000
Cambridge	. . Public Library	166,724
Bologna	. . University Library	150,000
Prague	. . *University Library	130,000
Vienna	. . University Library	115,000
Leipsic	. . University Library	112,000
Copenhagen	. . University Library	110,000
Turin	. . *University Library	110,000
Louvain	. . University	105,000
Dublin	. . Trinity College Library . .	104,239
Upsal	. . *University Library	100,000
Erlangen	. . University Library	100,000
Edinburgh	. . University Library	90,854
Glasgow	. . University Library	58,096

The foundation of the University Library of Turin dates from 1436; that of Cambridge, from 1484; that of Leipsic, from 1544; that of Edinburgh, from 1582; and the Bodleian, from 1597. The small library of the University of Salamanca is said to have been founded in 1215.

The Göttingen, Prague, Turin, and Upsal, are *lending* libraries. Those of Göttingen, Prague, Turin, Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, are legally entitled to copies of all works published within the States to which they respectively belong. The number of volumes accruing to the Bodleian from the operation of the Copyright Act, since 1825, computing them from the number supplied to the British Museum, would be about 38,000.

The annual expenditure of the Tübingen Library is about £760; of the Göttingen Library, £730; of the Breslau, about £400. That of the Bodleian, at Oxford, is now about £4,000—of which sum £1,375 is defrayed by proceeds of various benefactions, about £650 by matriculation fees, and about £1,500 by 'library dues.'

In reference to the degree of accessibility to all the foreign libraries that have passed in review, it may be generally affirmed that admission is granted unrestrictedly—to the poor as well as to the rich—to the foreigner as well as to the native. 'The libraries of France,' says M. Guizot, 'are accessible in every way; for the purpose of reading, and also for borrowing books. Any workman, whatever his social condition, who can obtain a

certificate from his employer as to his respectability and honesty, may have books lent to him.' We have also the assurance of his Excellency, M. Van de Weyer, that the fourteen libraries of Belgium 'are all accessible to the public; any person, without any letter of authorization, may go into them and be supplied with a book, if he asks for it.' The same privilege is shown to exist in the libraries even of jealous and priest-ridden Italy. M. Libri states that, *in almost every town of Italy*, there are public libraries freely accessible to the public—a concession limited only by the necessity of applying for permission to read forbidden books, over which the Church and the government keep a strict watch. For instance, the Florentine 'History of Macchiavelli' is prohibited, and there are many others to which the same restriction extends. Generally speaking, the books are not lent out to individuals to read at home; but the libraries attached to all the universities of Italy lend books to professors; whilst the privilege of reading, instead of being monopolized by the students, is shared by the public at large. The access in Italy is more unrestricted than that enjoyed at the British Museum. Respecting the libraries of Germany, C. Meyer, Esq., German secretary to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, says:—'They are, with few exceptions, freely accessible; they are, moreover, *lending* libraries, which is one most important difference between the English and the German libraries. Every citizen has free access to the town library, and every member of the University has free admission to the University library; and each of these two classes of readers can mutually introduce the other to the respective libraries they are privileged to attend. Thus the system in the German towns is somewhat analogous to that adopted at the British Museum, with this important distinction, however—that the latter is not a lending library, whereas the introduction to a German library confers the right of taking away books.'

Now it appears that we have only one library in Great Britain that affords the same measure of advantages and facilities with the glorious array of foreign collections at which we have glanced; and that is the library founded by Humphrey Chetham, in Manchester. There are ten or eleven libraries to which admission may be secured by the production of some sort of recommendation; and there are about twenty in addition that are accessible as a matter of grace and favour.

In our *metropolis* there are a few old and scanty libraries, but which, however resuscitated and improved, would never be commensurate with the mighty wants of our extending population. The more ancient part of London is the spot best supplied. The vast population which is being almost daily added to our modern

Babylon, is withdrawing further and further from the feeble beams which these conservatories of light diffuse. The City, and the precincts of the British Museum, are the localities best furnished with books. But so far as libraries may be regarded as auxiliaries of sound learning, and as an index to popular intelligence and intellectual progress, a kind of literary darkness and stagnation seems to prevail over the congregated masses inhabiting the newly-formed districts of the metropolis. For instance, there is no public library to be found in Pimlico, none in Marylebone, none in Finsbury, none in Islington or Hackney, none in Southwark, and only the shadow of a departed one in Westminster. Almost every collection of books in London or the provinces that can aspire to the character of a public library, owes its origin to a somewhat remote date; showing that our ancestors, with all their imputed inferiority, paid more attention to the formation of such institutions than ourselves. We will give a few particulars respecting some of them.

Dr. Williams's Library, situated in Red Cross-street, in the City, was opened in 1729. It originally constituted the private collection of Dr. Williams, an eminent Presbyterian divine, to which he subsequently added the library of Dr. Bates. It is vested in trustees, who, early in the trust, placed it under the administration of the Court of Chancery, for the purpose of transferring all responsibility from themselves. Many valuable donations and bequests have been, in past years, made to the foundation; and the number of volumes now contained in the library is about 20,000. The specific object of the founder in establishing it is not defined in the will. *The trustees have recently extended its advantages to every person of respectability*, free of all expense and trouble. The works are principally on theology, ecclesiastical history, and biography, with a few in all the more important departments of learning. There is accommodation for fifty or sixty readers; *but the number who frequent the room during the year does not average more than fifty or sixty, and these are chiefly divines*. Being, in common with all our libraries, only open during the day, when the multitudes are necessarily busily engaged in the pursuits of trade, its influence and utility are very slight. The librarian thinks it is situated in a bad locality, and suggests its removal to the neighbourhood of University College, where, by an increase of accommodation, and by being thrown open in the evening, it might become a real blessing to our fellow citizens.

Not far from Dr. Williams's Library, in London Wall, is situated the library of *Sion College*, founded by Dr. White, rector of St. Dunstan's in the West, in the year 1636. The conditions of admission are somewhat similar to those of the British Museum.

A note from any Fellow of the College—that is to say, any incumbent in London—will introduce a reader for twelve months ; while a discretionary power is given to the librarian to allow persons to consult the library whom he may consider qualified. The primary object of the library was to afford literary facilities to the Established clergy of the City of London. The number of volumes ranges between 35,000 and 40,000 ; they are on general subjects, with, however, a larger proportion than usual of theological works ; many of the books are exceedingly rare, or altogether unique. The collection is rich on general history, particularly concerning the times of Charles I., and of the same period on the Continent. The number of persons who frequent the library is not more than 300 or 400 a year ; and the number of volumes in circulation during the same period do not exceed 6,000, *all of which are taken out by the clergy*. A few physicians and men of antiquarian research frequent the room ; *but no persons of the working, and very few of the middle, classes of society*. The Rev. Mr. Christmas, the librarian, suggests that by an arrangement enabling more persons to take out books on certain terms of subscription, this library might be opened to the public, and 200 readers accommodated, where at present there are not more than six or seven. It is, however, unlikely that this, or any other library in a large town, will be extensively used, unless it be open in the evening.

In the city of Westminster, there still slumbers the library founded by Archbishop Tenison, in the year 1685. In the 'orders and constitutions' of the founder, it is declared that 'the books of the said library' are to be 'for public use, but especially for the use of the vicar and lecturer of the said parish,' and other clergymen within the precincts. The 'public' intended to be benefited by this collection, consists of the inhabitants residing within the boundaries of the ancient parish of St. Martin. The trustees are appointed for life by a Master in Chancery. The books are mainly upon theological subjects, of great variety, curiosity, and value ; but do not exceed 4000 in number. They are stated by the librarian to be in as dilapidated a condition as books can well be ; they are kept under the careful custody of lock and key, and are never taken down to be cleaned, whilst the bindings are rapidly going to decay from neglect. During eighteen months, one studious person only applied for permission regularly to consult the books : he did so for three or four days, and then gave up in despair. This library has been degraded into a club-room, where persons repair to read newspapers and play at chess. Were it restored, it is thought that it would be much frequented, and that accessions would be made by way of donations. It appears that accommodation could with

ease be provided for thirty readers. The restoration of the library is now under the consideration of the trustees ; and it certainly might form the nucleus of a good local library for Westminster.

These, with the British Museum and the Lambeth Palace library, constitute the entire public provision for the intellectual nurture and delectation of more than two millions of souls ! How far they are adapted for that purpose, we leave our readers to determine.

Connected with the deaneries and chapters of our cathedrals, there is an ancient set of libraries commonly called cathedral libraries. Of these there are thirty-four in England and six in Ireland. Their basis is theological ; to some of them additions are annually made ; and attention is being given to their restoration and improvement. In several, a moderate freedom of access is conceded to the public. The number of volumes in each ranges from 4,000 to 11,000. These, if the sanction of those who preside over them could be obtained, would form excellent *nuclei* of provincial libraries for the ancient cities of our land.

Parochial libraries once prevailed to a considerable extent throughout this country. Evidence has been collected of the existence of 163 such libraries in England and Wales, and 16 in Scotland. They were generally designed for the use of the clergy. Their foundation was, in the first instance, due to individual benevolence ; but subsequently, and principally, to the efforts of Dr. Bray and his 'associates,' at the beginning and in the middle of the last century. They have, in most cases, been suffered to go to dilapidation. In Beccles, Suffolk, however, the books have been rescued from neglect and danger, deposited in a room, and made the germ of a town library. This laudable example is commended to the imitation of others who possess the perishing wreck of a public parish library.

We have done. A multitude of reflections and practical suggestions come thronging upon us ; but, however important they may seem, we impose a rigorous restraint on ourselves, and conclude this, we trust not valueless, article without further comment. The facts we have massed may be safely left to produce their proper practical effect upon the minds of our intelligent readers, and act as a powerful stimulus to benevolent activity on behalf of the myriads of our untaught. The exertions of the British people may do much towards supplying the deficiency we have pointed out ; and what they have already accomplished clearly proves, that they need only to be apprised of their duty honestly and earnestly to set about its performance.

ART. II.—*Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family.* By Bayle St. John, Author of 'Adventures in the Libyan Desert,' &c. &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

THERE are various types of life on the shores of the Mediterranean, which, after the lapse of many thousand years, continues to lave some of the most interesting portions of our globe. Commerce, industry, empire, art, literature, and beauty, have consecrated those lands. Revolutions without number they have known—barbarism and civilization have visited them by turns—but nothing can ever deprive them of their hold on the imagination.

Among the populations which, by their singular character and customs, most strike the traveller in Western Asia, should undoubtedly be enumerated the Levantines. Christians in creed, but Muslims in manners, they unite many of the peculiarities of the East and the West. In the superstitions which accompany both religions, they firmly believe; while, yielding to the seductions of the climate, they may likewise, without the slightest exaggeration, be said to combine in themselves the vices of Europe and Asia.

Until now, however, we scarcely knew to what author to refer for an honest account of these people. Those travellers who lean towards the Muslims are apt, unconsciously perhaps, to depreciate the Levantines, while the fanatical antagonists of El Islam ridiculously exalt them as a pretext for vilifying their persecutors. Among neither of these classes could we hope to find either truth or justice. Prejudice is always a suspicious witness; and, in general, it may with truth be said, that they who have hitherto written on Egypt and Syria have suffered themselves to be swayed by their sympathies or antipathies.

Mr. Bayle St. John, in his '*Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family*,' has kept wide of the stumbling-block over which a majority of his predecessors have fallen. Possessing an amount of education which rarely falls to the lot of travellers, and having evidently been disciplined in philosophy, he was enabled to contemplate society from a loftier point of view, as well as to record his opinions and impressions in a style at once polished and picturesque. He had, moreover, no interests to serve but those of truth. He was neither a merchant nor a missionary; neither a polemic nor an antiquarian; neither a geologist nor an engineer. He was merely a gentleman, with a strong dash of politics. It must be obvious, therefore,

that between him and the Levantines there could be no particular ground of quarrel. He was not there to thwart them in any of their speculations—did not stand in their way, or they in his—and had, in fact, no object but to observe their manners and customs himself.

Eschewing the quarter of Alexandria appropriated to the Franks, he pitched his tent among the native Christians—not precisely because he preferred them to the Muslims, but because among the latter it would be difficult to find a family which would receive a Frank into its bosom. Many of the Levantines themselves would have shrunk from him as a heretic; but Sitt Madoula, the widow of an Italian physician, had, at all events, profited so far by her connexion with one European, as to be able to tolerate the company of another. Her son Iskender had made still further advances in the track of civilization; and was rather proud than otherwise—as well he might be—of associating with a Frank from the far West, who had come to Egypt expressly for the purpose of studying the character of its inhabitants, and reporting on the subject to Europe.

Still it was only by slow degrees, and as he gained more and more familiarity with the language, that Mr. St. John really found himself at home among the Levantines; and no doubt there still continue many traits in their character, manners, and customs, down to which even his assiduous and protracted scrutiny did not enable him to descend. However, his volume is one of the most charming and instructive we have ever read on any portion of the Levant. To the careless observer his sprightliness and vivacity may, at first sight, conceal his philosophy; but a greater familiarity with the volume will, unquestionably, show that, beneath the surface of an easy and gossiping narrative, there lies a mine of good sense and profound observation. What we are most pleased with is, the absence of bigotry. Whatever religion or sect the writer has to speak of, he does so without bitterness or injustice; thinking it no part of his duty, as a traveller, unfairly to disparage or exalt any sect or party.

When a writer's philosophy is not contained in formal dissertation, but lies scattered through his pages like a vein of gold running through a mountain—now appearing and glittering on the surface, and now descending and hiding itself in its depths—it would be a weary task to give the reader a correct idea of it. We shall, therefore, not make the attempt. The book is small and cheap, and in all respects calculated to become popular; so that the instruction it contains may be said to be within the reach of every one. We shall undertake the more agreeable task of skimming along its surface, and selecting some

few of its lively passages, which cannot fail to fascinate all who peruse it. These extracts will suffice to show that, if the traveller who moves over a vast extent of country can sometimes astonish by the grandeur of his pictures—by grouping and presenting in one view an immense assemblage of objects—by delineating mighty deserts, or pursuing the course of vast and fertilizing rivers—the man who stations himself on one spot, notices minute peculiarities, sketches personal characters, and develops the unambitious features of domestic life, likewise possesses advantages entirely his own. The one awakens those powerful emotions which await on greatness and sublimity; the other touches those softer and more delicate feelings which belong to the domain of the heart and the affections. The former passes over the earth like a mere intelligence, sympathizing with nothing, but observing and delineating all things; the latter enters into his subject like a man from whom nothing human is alien. We like both; but, as a general rule, what belongs to manners and character is more permanently interesting than that which derives its fascination from external nature and the elements, or from men contemplated in vast masses.

The reader will remember what Sterne says of a certain class of men who will travel from Dan to Beersheba and find all barren. The aridity is in their own minds. What they are in search of is something with which to inflate their own consequence, or amuse or flatter the consequential classes of readers; and as nature does not abound with this sort of material, they really must be at a loss to find anything worthy of their notice. Not ranging at all in this category, Mr. Bayle St. John no sooner found himself on the northern skirt of Africa, than he began to rove with the Arabs and observe their peculiarities. One of the first things which strikes everybody could not, of course, escape him: we mean that propensity to vituperation, abuse, and rage, which the lower orders of Arabs so pertinaciously indulge in. The French, Italians, and other continental nations possess so rich a vocabulary of abuse that Englishmen generally find themselves stricken with amazement at the fertility of their genius; but it is nothing after all to the *copia verborum* of the Arabs. Had Sterne, when about to write his chapter of curses, consulted any old woman of Alexandria, she would unquestionably have enabled him to enlarge it greatly. We here in Europe, when inclined to indulge in the luxury of malediction, are generally content with the present generation; but an Oriental, when he undertakes this agreeable duty, will go back to the flood, and curse you up all your progenitors to the very moment of the commination. It was with no little surprise that Mr. St. John first witnessed the exhibition of this Oriental

faculty, which must, in fact, continue ever to astonish all strangers from the West.

‘The lower orders,’ he says, ‘are often extremely noisy, and nothing can equal the volubility of the women. The fair sex of Egypt appear generally well made, except about the bust, but their features—I mean those of the humbler classes—are harsh and coarse. I do not think this arises either from exposure to the sun or hard work. The same observation is not made in India; all I know is, that the persons of the Egyptian women are strongly developed, and that in their language and manners they bear a great resemblance to the lower orders of Irish. The fierceness of their quarrels is something surprising; I have seen an old dame for a whole quarter of an hour perseveringly attempt to get a young man who had offended her in order to scratch his face. Her tongue never ceased to utter all the while the most awful curses, and she actually foamed at the mouth, and throwing herself on the ground rolled about in transports of impotent rage. According to the custom of the country, however, she did not turn upon those who held her. Let me hasten to add, that never have I seen tenderer mothers than in Egypt. It is my impression, indeed, though I should not like to be too positive on such a subject, that maternal affection is the only pure passion of which the Egyptian woman as a rule is capable. I have often heard it said by them, “A husband is a husband; if one is lost another is to be got; but who can give me back my child?”’—P. 14.

In walking through the streets of Alexandria, you constantly see crowds hurrying hither and thither, you know not why or wherefore; shouting, singing, screaming, bawling, as if every man, woman, and child present had just dropped into the inheritance of a large fortune. There is, perhaps, no people on the earth so merry as the Arabs. It is, indeed, true that no people on earth stand so much in need of a light heart and a short memory, since none has been called upon to suffer so much or so long. But they make the best of this world, and seize on every pretext and occasion for laughter and merriment. Each man's business in Egypt is every man's business. If you buy a field, all your neighbours wish to see you strike the first plough in it; if you marry a wife they are equally complaisant; and if you are to be circumcised or buried the same crowd will follow you to the end of the chapter. Of course, this must not always be set down to sympathy or good nature. No quality is more prominent in the Arab's character than the love of excitement, which marks him out among all Orientals as the best fitted for civilization. He has feelings to be worked upon, talents to cultivate, and a mind to be developed; therefore, all that regards him must always possess an interest for the rest of mankind.

Mr. St. John's pictures of Alexandrian life fully bear out our views on this subject. He observes, that

'Among the most characteristic sights to be seen in Alexandria, is what is called a fantasia, or procession for a marriage or circumcision, often united in one. The poor children about to be admitted within the pale of Islamism are handsomely drest, generally as girls, and are carried on horseback; each is bound to hold a white handkerchief over its mouth; women with cakes strung on sticks walk beside them, and give them when they ask. In very hot weather an umbrella is held over their heads. The horses are borrowed, of course, and are often richly caparisoned. Two huge drums and a few fifes precede, and at the head of all there is generally sham-fighting with staves; some of the combatants indulge in a sort of symbolical dance, now kneeling, now stooping, and making all sorts of gestures and grimaces. Any one who chooses takes the stick in turn. A man carrying a flag, or else a long reed, is generally near the head of the procession, and sometimes a buffoon with a long thin beard rides about on a donkey.

'I went in the afternoon to see a splendid affair of the kind. An immense crowd accompanied the buffoons and the stickmen, who, on this occasion, were followed by a band of singers. After them came four or five camels with brilliant housings, and bearing the children devoted to circumcision; then some led horses; and then an awning of handsome striped muslin supported on four poles, and carried by whoever chose to offer his services. Under this, the poor little bride, completely enveloped, head, face, and all, in a piece of yellow crape, slowly shuffled along; whenever those who were amusing themselves ahead thought proper to make a move, she could not see her way, and two or three portly dames, who half enveloped her in their black silk mantles, acted as guides. A wild kind of merriment formed the chief characteristic of the scene. The women uttered the zugharit, or shrill cry of joy; boys were fighting who should carry the awning; others were cuffing each other, biting, kicking, and pinching; a few men employed to keep order enhanced the confusion by rushing here and there, and striking at random. Some attendants, with handsome cups and zorfs, or platters, offered coffee to all who chose to partake; others scattered perfume; others burned incense in little censers. The lookers-on seemed highly amused, and it was difficult to pass in the streets. Such a procession often lasts the whole day.'—P. 19.

As might be expected, the Arabs, like all other Orientals, are fond of the night, which, in the East, is inexpressibly beautiful. When they have to traverse the desert they select the night, the caravans, extending in long files, stretch themselves out, and appear interminable in the moonlight. The night also is a favourite time for little family feasts for parties of dancing girls, for visits to tombs, for a stroll in the palm groves, or for witnessing the humours of a fair. Mr. Bayle St. John falling naturally into the ways of the people, soon contracted their taste

for the night, and often describes, with singular felicity, the beauties of Oriental scenery at that still season.

Among the institutions of the East, there is one, unfortunately, too well known all the world over—we mean that of slavery, which even Christianity itself, hostile as it is to it, has not yet been able totally to eradicate. Public opinion, more powerful in the East than religion, prolongs the date of the detestable system, in spite of the letter and spirit of the gospel. Many travellers have apologized, more or less formally, for domestic slavery among the Muslims. They say it is mild, and so in some respects it is compared with the slavery of other countries; but still it is a 'bitter draught.' Nothing can ever reconcile the mind to the reducing of one human being to be the property of another, which, in fact, is sinning against the first principle of humanity—equality. We are all equal before God; and whoever aims at establishing the contrary, is, in spirit and feeling, a tyrant. No doubt it is possible to mitigate the horrors even of slavery, but it is disgraceful to the possessors of intellect to palliate its infamies, or to seek, by sophistry and cunning, to ward off the detestation of mankind. Mr. Bayle St. John points out, with great acuteness, the mischievous nature of the institution, even under its most favourable aspect, in the following very touching passage:—

'During the early time of my residence with Sitt Madoula, before I was considered part of the family, I went to see her one morning, and found her in conversation with a tall, handsome black girl, wrapped in a white melagah, or mantle. The Sitt reclined in the corner of her divan, smoking a shosheh, whilst the girl stood at a little distance, with her hands meekly crossed. After the usual compliments, I was told that this was a slave belonging to a Turkish lady just arrived with her suite from Algiers, to meet her husband, who, however, had gone on to Stamboul, leaving word that she was to follow. As, however, he had forgotten likewise to leave money enough to defray the expenses of the journey, it seemed quite natural to the lady to dispose of one of her handmaidens, and accordingly this one had been selected. Zarifeh herself was telling the story as I entered, and although it did not seem to occur to her that she was the victim of a most unjust system, she could not help expressing her regret at being thus suddenly thrown out of the bosom of one family to seek for a place in another, or rather to take the place which chance might assign her. I elicited the fact that although her mistress sometimes beat her even for talking in her sleep, and for being frightened on board the vessel in which they had coasted the whole north of Africa, yet, considering all things, she had been happy with her. Here, then, was one instance in which the much-vaunted kindness with which the Orientals treat their slaves was turned into a weapon of torture to them. The stronger they are bound by ties of affection to their owners, the more cruelly are their feelings

wounded when the vicissitudes of their servile life throw them into the market. Struck by this circumstance, I afterwards made inquiries, and found that instances in which slaves remain attached to one family throughout their existence, are comparatively rare. If misfortune overtakes a man, of course the slaves are sold; they go as part of the property—in the case of failure for example; and how many Egyptian merchants have not failed once, twice, thrice. On the first pressure of pecuniary difficulties, one, at least, of the slaves of the house is got rid of. “I have so much in my shop,” you may often hear it said: “I have built so and so, and I have the donkey and Zara.”

Zarifeh tried hard, poor thing! to persuade my friend to buy her. She walked about to show that she was active, arranged the cushions of the divan, and trimmed the shosheh, to exhibit her familiarity with the usages of a genteel house; and laughed with forced gaiety to prove that she was of a good temper. There was a ground of objection, however, which the Sitt suspected, and the truth of which she endeavoured to ascertain, by a series of sudden questions and artful cross-examinations; but Zarifeh denied, with well-feigned indignation, the double life of which she was not permitted to be proud.

The chief difficulty, however, still remained. Would two days of trial be allowed? “Unless they are,” said Madoula to the girl, “I shall not buy you. How do I know what bad habits you may have: you have acknowledged you talk in your sleep; I don’t care for that, as you will be shut up all night; but you may be a liar, you may be a thief, you may——.” And here followed a list of vices incident to female slaves, during the utterance of which I scarcely knew whether to look at the ceiling or the floor, but to which poor Zarifeh listened most patiently, firmly denying that she possessed such habits and imperfections. One of her observations was sensible enough; for she said that a trial of two days would be of no avail, since any person, in her position, could put on a fair outside for so short a time. Altogether, it was observable that she had been brought up in a good family, and knew something of the world; and it was easy to see that Sitt Madoula rather feared that she was rather too clever and knowing. I had no doubt of her being something of a politician, for she endeavoured throughout to appear in the character of a simple girl, whereas she was, in the Eastern style, a refined and well-educated woman. However, such was her fascination, that the Sitt would certainly have bought her, but that her mistress sent an old duenna with a message from the Wallalah, where she was living, to the effect that an offer had been made, and that, unless the money was immediately forthcoming, Zarifeh must return. The girl accordingly departed, not without expressions and looks of sorrow; but she had scarcely been gone half an hour, when Madoula, who had sat reflecting during that time, clapped her hands, and calling her servant, ordered him to go instantly, and say that she would pay the price. It was too late, Zarifeh had already passed into the harem of an old Turk, who had made up his mind at once on seeing her.

“God is merciful,” said the Sitt, consoling herself. “Perhaps that girl had some grievous fault, and I may be well delivered.” Her

evanescent affection for Zarifeh was here wafted away on a long sigh ; and she added, smilingly, "I shall send to-morrow morning for half a dozen girls from Jellaba. You must be here to give your opinion."—P. 139.

It would be easy to multiply similar extracts almost *ad infinitum* ; but the specimens we have selected will suffice to show how full of amusement and variety the volume is. Mr. St. John has carefully noticed every phenomenon of Levantine society, which he has ably contrasted with that of the Muslims. He has likewise contrived to introduce into his work an account of Mohammed Ali and the government of Egypt, of which he has formed a correct appreciation. The Jesuitical manners of the old Pasha could not impose upon him, and still less the inferior arts of such persons as Abbas Pasha and Artim Bey. These individuals, considering themselves to be distinguished disciples of Macchiavelli, imagine they can easily overreach European travellers, whom they look upon, often very justly, as weak and superficial incarnations of vanity and self-conceit. Occasionally they make a mistake, and encounter among the horde of visitors some one qualified to turn the tables on them, and penetrate through their wiles and devices, without being in the slightest degree intelligible to them. Mr. Bayle St. John seems to have performed this agreeable duty pre-eminently well, and is entitled to the respect of the reader accordingly.

But there are other things in Egypt besides Turks and Pashas, and the odious intrigues of petty courts. There is the charm of grand solitudes, and the aspect of a physical nature more beautiful in its kind than anything offered to the eye by European regions. It is a vulgar error to regard the Nilotic Valley as unpicturesque. Peculiar, no doubt, it is ; but that it abounds with the materials of poetry—in other words, that it is capable of influencing the imagination, and of generating elevated and romantic ideas in the mind, will be evident from the following passage. It occurs in a delightful story which Mr. St. John relates of a dreamy German, who, for the recovery of his health, took up his abode in Rossetta, the Er Rashid of the Orientals.

‘From the terraced roof of his house, when the scorching heats of the day had passed—when the sun was only to be seen in patches of red or gold low down among the palm-trees on the borders of the desert—when the panting land of Egypt was inhaling, in long voluptuous draughts, the cool evening breezes from the sea—when the groves and the fields were bathing their dusty vegetation in the balmy dews of twilight—when the last songs of the boatmen were trembling along the listless surface of the Nile—when the birds were coming home from the rice-grounds, and the bandit hawk was unwillingly

quitting his look-out upon the minaret, and the owl showed his great capacious head on some old fragment of wall—when the gaudy moths were hieing gaily to consume themselves in the first flickering taper that gleamed, like dashing young lovers in the flame of an early passion—when hungry dogs yelled angrily at the heels of some solitary passer-by—when the notes of distant musical instruments were sprinkled into “the drowsy ear of night,” or the sound of boisterous merriment swept up from the river-side—when measured voices from tottering minarets impressed the necessity of prayer upon congregations that had vanished from the earth—when the rising moon formed a silver background to the dusky lace-work of palm-groves that adorned the outline of the Delta—when the stars stooped into sight, like fair damsels from their mysterious balconies in the sky—above all, when, at the hour of midnight, Nature seemed to faint into silence, to swoon with amazement at her own beauty and solitude—then it was that Herman, from the terraced roof of his house, would take flight on the wings of his imagination, and search round the depths of the heavens for his ideal!—P. 279.

We have omitted to allude to very many topics touched upon in Mr. St. John's volume, but must not forget to observe that there are several stories introduced, which, for fidelity of description, and simplicity and force of narrative, resemble, and in many respects equal, the tales of the ‘Arabian Nights.’ This is more particularly the case with ‘Mohammed the ill-favoured, and Fatmeh the well-favoured,’ which discloses much of the interior economy of a Muslim family. No ground is described but that which the writer himself has travelled over—the Delta, the banks of the Nile, and the environs of Cairo. Fouah, where the story commences, is a place of irregular appearance, the aspect of which has not been greatly modified by the establishment of factories within its walls. Nowhere, perhaps, in Lower Egypt, can you enjoy from the roof of your house more delicious prospects at morning or evening. On one side you behold the boundless desert, stretching away towards the setting sun; while close at your feet flows the mighty Nile, with blue or ruddy waters, according to the season of the year. On the other side you have long ranges of palm-forests, interspersed with lakes and ponds, and bright green rice-fields, and villages, and minarets, and light and graceful Sheikhs' tombs, bathed in the soft glow of evening. On the mimosas, or sycamores, near at hand, you behold flocks of the white ibis resting on branches like huge flower petals, or incrustations of snow; while the roofs of the town (flat and parapeted) swarm with evening parties, smoking or sipping sherbet in the open air. Here and there, perhaps, a sweet female voice rises through the twilight, accompanied by the sounds of musical instruments, interrupted at times by the wild howl of the jackal; such is Fouah, where few Europeans have ever

resided, though there is scarcely a town in Egypt where one could pass a few months more pleasantly. Mr. Bayle St. John has visited it, and profited by his familiarity with so beautiful a spot. At the end of the volume, we are pleased to see announced a series of views illustrating his visit to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.

ART. III.—*History of the Philosophy of Mind.* By Robert Blakey, Esq.
8vo. Four Vols. London: Saunders.

Few subjects have been expressed under a greater variety of names, than that of which the history is proposed to be given in the volumes before us. Intellectual philosophy, metaphysics, psychology, the physiology of the mind, are examples of these terms, among many others. On the continent, this study has been known by the designation of speculative philosophy; and sometimes it has been simply called—philosophy. In Scotland, we may find it laxly included, together with ethics, under the name of moral philosophy. In England, it has long been called the philosophy of mind, the term chosen by our author. The only objection that we know of to this otherwise strictly appropriate designation is, that, according to the letter, it expresses more than it is intended to convey—which is the philosophy of the *human* mind.

The philosophy of *mind*, in general, cannot with propriety be restricted to the human mind. In strictness, it concludes a vast field limited only by the line of demarcation which separates the gross materialism everywhere surrounding us, and certain forces and agencies (such as heat, light, and the various electricities), from those phenomena which, in the form of will, intelligence, and feeling, present to our observation something which we know not how to class in any category of mechanical or chemical causation. Thus we speak of mind in brutes. Nor can we help doing so. The sagacity of some animals, apart from their wonderful and unvarying instincts, at once leads us to a sort of comparative philosophy of mind, which obliges us to confess our ignorance respecting some of our theoretic distinctions between man and the creatures immediately below him, however familiarly these distinctions may have been supposed by us to be ascertained. We need not say, with some, that man is only the evolution of a *molluscum*, in order to render consistent our

postulate, that among the animals below him we find, within certain limits, the analogue of the human intellect, of human emotion, and the like. Nor, indeed, are we so startled at such an assertion as some might think reasonable. If all that is meant by the 'evolution' spoken of, be that there is a gradation in the anatomical and physiological structure of the whole animal creation, from the lowest tribes up to man; that Nature (to use a convenient abbreviation for the Author of Nature) does not produce living beings, in their various genera, as it were *per saltum*; but that there is a law of continuity observable from the most simple to the most complicated structures;—then we are very content to call this an evolution. No doubt, however, there is wanting such a law of continuity with regard to mind, since man's reason, will, and moral feeling, place him at an inaccessible distance from the most sagacious of the lower animals. Nevertheless, it is not easy to say where intelligence ends; Dr. Grant's theory of distinct motive and sensitive columns in the nervous axis of the invertebrated classes, as had been previously known in the vertebrata, tends still further to induce the philosopher of mind to pause in attempting to draw the line. It is said (not without evidence) even of the polygastric or infusorial animalcules, that a careful observation of them, 'by presenting the simplest analysis of the most complex mental phenomena, throws a new light on the most obscure parts of the philosophy of mind, and the laws of its influence on the animal frame.'

In strictness, then, the subject of the work before us is the philosophy of the *human* mind. And let none of our readers suppose that it is frivolous or useless to lay stress on the distinction of terms. Of the immense importance of terminology, no one who knows anything of the history of science can be unaware. The progress of chemistry, of botany, of mineralogy, of almost any science whatever, testifies this fact. Crystallography, a branch of the last-named science, after being improved among the Germans by the introduction of a consideration of the crystallographic axes, now promises to be brought to a still more definite form by a more luminous notation on the same axial system. In the study of the functions and phenomena of the mind of man, it is obviously desirable that methods should be adopted, so far as the subject allows, similar to those which have so frequently proved successful in the natural sciences. We are glad, therefore, to see indications of a revived attention, in this country, to a branch of inquiry which has been illustrated by the names of Locke and Reid, who may be said to stand at the head of our British psychology, or philosophy of the human mind. We hope the issue will be a still further elaboration of mental philosophy; and one sign of this will be, a close attention

to the employment and signification of terms. We are quite aware that there are well-meaning persons to be found, who are inclined to suppose that material phenomena alone admit properly of being theorized and systematized on philosophical principles. This notion has been fostered by the ontological turn which speculations concerning man's mind have taken in some of the foreign schools. The result has been, in some quarters, not the old pantheistic materialism, but a spiritualistic pantheism, which has identified being with thought. We are fully persuaded that our sober English intellects, trained and disciplined by the exact sciences, are in little danger of being led away, to any great extent, by the meteoric lights of genius which have dazzled so many on the continent, with their varying hues, from the time of Fichte downwards. It is evident, that there is a philosophy of man, as a sensuous, appetent, instinctive, intellectual, moral, voluntary being, quite apart from all speculations as to the nature or essence of his mind. There is a science of phenomena and functions, independently of their proximate causes, so far as objective; and it is to this that our English and Scottish philosophers have chiefly addressed themselves. We do not mean to say that little importance attaches to inquiries tending to throw light on the question whether mind, even in man, is only a function of brain producing, as a sort of galvanic battery, all the phenomena of consciousness (as some even in our own day would have us believe)—or whether these same varied phenomena do not point to a unity which demands the admission of some principle lying behind all these so-called galvanic phenomena, or electro-magnetic. The question is highly interesting, more especially on religious grounds, and on those which relate to our interpretation of certain passages of Revelation; but we mean to say that, apart from this question, there is a philosophy of the human mind; just as there is a physical or mechanical philosophy, apart from the question regarding the material world, as agitated between the monadic theory of Leibnitz, the idealism of Berkeley, and the realism of mankind in general.

The study of the history of mental philosophy, as related to man, is an indispensable prerequisite for improving the theory; for it requires little reflection, and little knowledge of the subject, to produce the conviction that a true philosophy of this kind must be eclectic—it must be drawn from all the sources which present great principles, however these principles may be found to have been carried too far in any of the past or of existing schools. M. Cousin, in France, has endeavoured to construct a philosophy on this system; and the idea is a good one—perhaps the only one that can promise any chance of a well-developed, just, and comprehensive theory; though we cannot

but think that, in the hands of this eminent writer, a syncretism, sometimes heterogeneous, of opposing systems, has been produced, rather than an eclecticism throughout consistent with itself. This was to be expected from an attempt to force into union schools so different as those of Reid and Hegel. We are far from thinking that there are no good points in the philosophy of Cousin, or that this acute and eloquent writer has not done good service to the science of the subject by his contributions to its history. Not, indeed, that we regard him as always a safe guide, even in the detail of other men's opinions. This, we think, it would be easy to exemplify; for instance, by reference to his criticisms on Locke and Kant. But what is equally—if not more worthy—here to be noted, is, that Cousin appears, in our judgment, to fail in a just appreciation of the difficulty of the ontological department of metaphysical philosophy. He seems to regard the 'passage from psychology to ontology' almost as smooth and easy as walking out of one room into another; and on any principle or theory which it seems reasonable to adopt, we do not see how that phraseology can be justified in which we are told,—'Dieu est si peu incompréhensible que ce qui constitue sa nature, ce sont précisément les idées, les idées dont la nature est d'être intelligibles.' It has been the fashion in the Eclectic school to lay all the subsequent materialism of France at the door of Bacon and Locke:—nay, the horrors of the great French Revolution, at the close of the last century, have been eloquently traced to the doctrines of these philosophers! *Cette misérable philosophie*, is the style and title by which Cousin designates the philosophy of this school. But whatever faults may attach to the thinking of the above two illustrious men, if the perversion of their views by the materialists who surrounded them is to be regarded as a blot on their escutcheon—what shall we say of the easy inference which might be drawn, to the prejudice of natural theology, from the above quotation, which occurs in the introduction to Cousin's 'History of Philosophy?' We cordially admit the service which Cousin has done to morality, to religion, and to his country, in superseding the insensate materialism of Cabanis, Destutt de Tracy, and Volney, by a philosophical reform, in France, so much more in harmony with spiritual and religious ideas; but we are strongly inclined to differ from him in his judgment of the English school: and we are much mistaken if Cousin's philosophy, as a whole, shall be found to take any deep root among us, though we learn that it is taught in some quarters with considerable devotedness to the name of the great Eclectic leader. We mistake the intellectual character of our countrymen, if it be not ultimately found that the philosophy

which is destined to prevail in the midst of us shall have much more alliance, in its spirit, at least, with the philosophy of Locke, than with that of Cousin.

None of our readers can be unaware that, at the present time, the relation of Christian theology to philosophy is assuming an aspect of importance which has hardly belonged to it, in our own country, since the period which followed the Restoration. The searching spirit of the age has led to a revision of all opinions, on all subjects; and the doctrines that are held by the various sections of the Christian Church are not escaping from the general scrutiny. Many entertain great apprehensions of the consequences of this altered state of things. Implicit belief in the doctrines which have been hereditarily transmitted, or have been received from our religious party, is, in many more instances than before, substituted by an eager and anxious inquiry after some theory by which to solve difficulties which previously excited but little attention. Possibly an increased tendency to something approaching to a kind of sceptical uncertainty, attended with a hope of further light, may have invaded not a few of the most upright minds. Different individuals, according to their knowledge, their intellectual tendencies, and their moral cast of character and feeling, will look at this subject from different points of view. Enough, however, has already taken place, in the way of speculation and controversy, to remind us of the struggle in which philosophy and theology were engaged in the scholastic ages. This conflict was long and arduous. From an early period of the Greek philosophy, to the death of Proclus, the last head of the Neo-Platonic School at Athens, philosophy had maintained an independent existence, which was thus prolonged far into the times of Christianity—nearly five centuries. But, during the first period of scholasticism, we see philosophy brought entirely under the dominion of theology. It was maintained by Joannes Erigena and his school, that philosophy and religion are not two studies, but only one. The consequence of thus endeavouring to force two distinct and parallel lines of truth into coincidence, tended to distort both. Christianity was philosophized—Neo-Platonized; and philosophy, in her turn, became the echo of the existing and predominant human form of theology. Independent inquiry ceased. From the earlier part of the ninth century, the writings of Aristotle began to be studied by the Arabians, and afterwards in various parts of Europe. Another era now arose. Philosophy, previously merged in theology, or identified with it, acquired a sort of co-ordinate, but separate, existence and authority. The doctrines of the Stagyrte were at length placed nearly on a par with the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. In one part of

Germany, his ethics might be heard publicly recited in church. It seems, then, to have grown almost into an axiom, that there could hardly be any real variance between theology and Aristotle; and when there was an appearance of discrepancy, the most subtle refinements, and the most captious quibbles, were resorted to, in order to effect the show of reconciliation. In the thirteenth century, a tendency to greater freedom of inquiry manifested itself. Raymond Lully published his '*Ars Lullia*,' which, though he was incited to compose it by command of a fiery seraph, in a vision (as he had persuaded himself), was not of a character to support existing opinions, but was an attempt to reform the reigning dialectics, which had been so much employed in aid of the supremacy of the Church. The commencement of a spirit of inquiry might now be seen, in various ways, towards the separation of philosophy from the yoke of ecclesiastical authority, and towards the independent study of truth for its own sake. This boldness, however, was not without hazard. There was heresy, not merely in theological opinion, but also in innovation itself. Roger Bacon was known to be sometimes busily engaged in the work of the laboratory, and was seen to meditate profoundly on the stars; he had, indeed, entered on the true and real path of science, the path of experiment and observation, into which his illustrious namesake afterwards formally conducted the scientific inquirer; and he was taken for a magician who had dealings with the powers of darkness, was restrained from reading lectures, and was imprisoned for ten years, at Paris, as a dangerous innovator on established opinions. It is a singular fact that, during the period of the decline of scholasticism in the fifteenth century, there was a revival of the ancient sects of philosophy: Plato was studied anew, and the rising tendency to free inquiry, which issued in the Reformation, was kept up by the disputes of Platonists, Aristotelians, Epicureans, Mystics, and even some of the sceptical school of Carneades.

One of the arguments against the Reformation most insisted on by Roman and Anglo-Catholics, is, that it produced a complete unsettlement of all religious opinion, and opened the flood-gates, not only to all sorts of heresies, but to Deism, and even to Atheism itself. They point, by way of illustration, to the Deistical writers of England, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the Atheists of France in the latter of these periods, and to the subsequent Rationalists and Pantheists of Germany, the ultimate successors of the English school. Now, we are not prepared to deny, that had it been possible to hold the human mind, on the grand scale of nations, in ignorance, and to continue suppressing freedom of opinion, if not of thought, in the bud—as was so long

attempted—there might have been now as much of the appearance of uniform belief, as there was in Christendom during the darkest of the dark ages. But what is any mere creed worth, as a test of moral and religious character, which is merely hereditary, and remains undisturbed, not in consequence of conviction subsequent to examination, but simply from ignorant and indolent, or perhaps compulsory acquiescence? That Christianity should have survived all controversies, is an incomparably greater test of its essential truth, than the dead calm of a whole millenium, such as causes of the kind just mentioned might produce. We confess that we are not among the number of those who anticipate any ultimate evil consequences from an increased attention to speculative philosophy among us, or from new attempts to apply its conclusions to the revision of our views of Christian belief. To attempt to repress such inquiries, we hold to be as idle as to forbid the wind to blow, or the tide to ebb and flow; but we do not apprehend the same results to our holy religion, which have, by a variety of conjunctures, attended free inquiry in matters of faith on the continent of Europe, more especially in Germany. We consider the English mind to be far less in danger, generally, of being carried away by talented speculation, than either the French or the German. The French intellect is characterised by great rapidity of conception. It begins to theorize almost before the facts of the case are laid before it. It has a singular power of analysis. Hence the temptation is to philosophize unduly by deduction. True to their great countryman, Descartes, whom they think more of a philosopher than our Bacon, they better like the business of drawing effects from causes, than ascertaining causes from effects. Even in their mathematics, we may see the illustration of their characteristic tendency to development. They will, for instance, give endless deductions by way of applying an equation, while they neglect any other proof. In their speculative reasonings, they are especially apt to be misled by the predominant analytical tendency of their minds, because it causes them, often, to pursue one idea to excess, without sufficiently considering its bearing on and harmony with other ideas of equal importance. Hence they will sometimes pursue their favourite theory by a sort of steeple-chase road, not much concerning themselves at the impediments that may lie in their path. M. Cousin is a splendid type of this sort of mind; and he has achieved a brilliant reputation among his countrymen on this account. But, great as are his merits as an analyst of ideas, the very facility and smoothness with which he glides through all difficulties, is enough to make an Englishman pause; for one striking idea is not enough to satisfy his calm and cautious love of truth. He is always stopping you in your easy

course, and asking with a modest scepticism—how you reconcile this and that? The Germans, again, are enormous theorizers. This is amply testified by their successive philosophical systems, of which one has always been in the ascendant, to the prejudice of the rest. Less analytical and accurate in detail than the French, the spirit of their speculations is equally deductive; and they have a vast passion for drawing out trains of abstract reasoning, undaunted by what, even to French Eclectics, as well as English Lockians or Reideans, would seem to involve most startling and extravagant, or even absurd results. With a love of science and philosophy (apart from any advantages that are to be got by them) probably greater than is found among any other people, the Germans do not appear much concerned about maintaining the dignity of consistency with themselves. It would not be very difficult to decide who would feel the most repugnance at coming down to his class every twelvemonth with a new theory, subversive of his old ones, an English or a German Professor. Nor is this to be put down merely to a readiness to follow truth, lead where it may. It is very much due to a sort of adventurous love of theory, and a want of that jealous caution which an Englishman is wont to feel at publicly committing himself to an opinion. To say nothing of our orthodoxy, we are too sober-minded, as a nation, to forsake our Theism, founded on the doctrine of causation and design, for either a material or an ideal Pantheism. We do not expect ever to see in this country a school of those who shall rejoice in the name of Fichte, Schelling, or Hegel. A few boys in their teens, who have been partly educated in Germany, may come back with their heads full of idealism—perhaps with some Pantheistic notions, or some modifications of the ‘right,’ ‘left,’ or ‘centre;’ but it would surprise us much to find honest Englishmen of character and education, in any numbers, seriously avowing themselves Pantheists from conviction. Even Mr. Owen, with all the advantage of flattering his followers by the most alluring prospects of physical prosperity as the infallible result of his Socialism, has wholly failed in his attempt to found a species of Pantheism,—if his very contradictory and unintelligible homilies on the theological idea, deserve to be called any *ism* at all: though if any theory is expressed by them, it is that which denies a personal God. What half-dozen Englishmen, in their sober senses, would be found gravely maintaining, with Fichte, in any feasible meaning of his words, that the *ego* is the creator of the ideal *non-ego*—that is, of the supposed universe of things; or, with Schelling, that the Deity did not attain to personality till he became developed into the existing universe, and that this all-one was, in its primitive form, not properly to be called God; or, with

Hegel, that God is simply identical with the process of thought and reason in human consciousness, and has no other existence than in its perpetual development !

While we freely admit that speculation has run wild among our neighbours, we are far from joining the hue-and-cry against Germany and everything German, in which some have of late indulged, from sheer unacquaintance with the object of their alarm. They seem to have reasoned thus :—Some things from Germany are bad ; therefore all are bad. To forswear, as many well-meaning persons are inclined to do, everything German, without discrimination, is about as reasonable as to ‘ forswear all history.’ We doubt not that the increased study of German literature in this country, and of English literature in Germany, will be mutually beneficial to the philosophy and the denominational theology of both countries ; for it will bring to the test of a foreign tribunal, national or sectional systems and modes of thinking, which, at home, are like objects that are too near to the eye to be most advantageously examined.

Mr. Blakey is evidently a hearty believer in the truths of our holy religion ; and his concern for the interests of morality and Christianity always deserves our respect. In a prime matter of philosophy, however, we cannot speak of him as holding doctrine quite to our mind. His heterodoxy here is, truly, on a most vital point—no other than the entire nature and character of Logic. From the time of Aristotle, at least, logic has been presupposed in *all* the branches of science (*vide* Met. iv. 3) ; it has been considered as lying tacitly at their basis, if not formally and openly. The first great master of reasoning laid down, more than two thousand years ago, the principle that we either learn the general from the individual and particular, or the individual and particular from the general. The first mode of procedure is inductive reasoning ; the latter deductive, as found in the ordinary syllogism. It is true, no doubt, that Aristotle’s was not a mere formal logic, like that of Kant, and many since his time. It did not content itself with merely analyzing the forms and functions of thought ; it extended itself to the real, and sought the exemplification of the forms of thought in the investigation of the varied modes of being to which these forms correspond. But in so doing, Aristotle departed from the true scope of logic, and diverged into another branch of philosophy, namely, metaphysics. The more modern views of logic have tended, with propriety, to limit it to the formal science ; but both Aristotle and his remotest followers have agreed in regarding it as embracing within its range all the subjects on which we can reason, or, in other words, as applicable to them all ; it has always been the science of proof in general. Not so our author. He asserts that logic is ‘ con-

finer, by its very nature, to the following subjects:—Mental Philosophy; Moral Philosophy; the Science of Politics, in its widest sense, including jurisprudence and the art of government; finally, Religion, both natural and revealed.' We consider this view of the subject to be decidedly erroneous, and, as far as we know, quite novel. It would, we think, be easy to convince any intelligent and candid person, that when a man concludes that if he wishes to reach Birmingham from London in four hours he must go by rail—he performs an act of reasoning or of logic, similar to those acts by which, knowing the previous propositions of Euclid, he might be assured that the angle at the centre of a circle is double the angle at the circumference, both angles standing on the same arc. On the contrary, our author would entirely exclude mathematical evidence from the province of logic, which he evidently understands to be a peculiar mode of reasoning, limited, as he expresses it, to 'subjects connected with human nature, or related to human nature.' But we must refer our readers who wish to hear Mr. Blakey speak for himself on this point (regarding which his theory is, as appears to us, so strange) to his 'Essay on Logic.'

Our author states that the history of philosophy, in all ages and nations, shows the uniform prevalence of the theory that mind and matter are two distinct and separate things: 'Here there is a solemn unity of universal assent, which no hardihood of assertion can deny, no captious sophistry gainsay.' We should be sorry to subject ourselves, with justice, to the charge of either hardihood or sophistry, in venturing to comment on this sweeping statement; but the paragraph in which it occurs, in the Introduction, will surely strike the student of the history of philosophy as obviously too unqualified. The earliest speculations of which we have any account among the Greeks respecting the nature of soul or mind, appear to have been materialistic. Thus, among the Ionic physical or psychological philosophers, Thales held that water or moisture was the first principle of all things. So Aristotle informs us (*ὅτι ὕδωρ εἶναι τὴν ἀρχήν*. Met. i. 3). It is doubtful, in the opinion of Hegel and others, whether Thales did not maintain even the generation of the gods from the same element. The conception of deity as intelligence, appears hardly as yet developed. According to Diogenes Laertius, Thales said that the 'deity is the oldest thing,' and 'time the wisest.' He also said that 'mind is the swiftest thing;' and Aristotle, the highest authority for the doctrines of his predecessors, says that Thales 'seems to have considered the soul as something moving; since he said that the magnet has a soul, for it attracts iron.' (*τὸν λίθον ψυχὴν ἔχειν, ὅτι τὸν σίδηρον κινεῖ*. De Anima, i. 2). Anaximenes maintained that the stars were

divine, immortal, and unchangeable beings, made from air; and that the human soul was also air; (*ἡ ψυχὴ ἡ ἡμετέρα ἀπὸ οὐρα*. Stobæus, i.) This psychological theory, if it was an advance from Thales, was still materialistic—it was not spiritual or immaterial. Diogenes of Apollonia, again, went no farther beyond Anaximenes than to endow the air-soul with intelligence—in the tenet that the soul was air he agreed, as Aristotle testifies, with the preceding school. The Epicureans, again, regarded the soul as subtile air, composed of atoms or primitive corpuscles; while among the Stoics it was held to be flame or light.

And here it is worth while to remark that, although we would be far from intimating that no importance is to be attached to the question—whether mind or soul be a separate being from the body, and capable of a separate existence—that is (as we suppose the question to be commonly understood) is the soul immaterial?—we do not hesitate to repeat that a system of psychology, both metaphysical and experiential, may be constructed independently of this question. Indeed, if psychology is to be a human science at all, we would go further, and maintain that it may be conducted in a manner more strictly scientific, by waiving the decision of this question altogether. At all events, the ontological speculations to which this inquiry would lead, may well be regarded but as forming a remote chapter in the philosophy of mind; and as comprising one topic only, among many others, which, though quite admissible, are not necessary to a sound science or philosophy of the mind. For we hold the idea of this science—that is, of psychology—to have been fairly fulfilled, when we have constructed a science of phenomena. In so saying, it is evident that we are only calling for a procedure similar to that which prevails in the natural sciences, which discuss phenomena, and not essences.

The account of the opinions of the ancients would have been the better, if the authorities had been uniformly quoted. Not that this important ingredient in the rehearsal of these opinions has been neglected. The authorities, however, are generally thrown more or less together in the mass; and sometimes those of the most importance are wanting. At other times, testimonies are not brought forward which might, at least, have properly admitted of introduction. Thus, under Anaximander, we have no reference to Diogenes Laertius, to Stobæus, or to Schleiermacher's dissertation on Anaximander's philosophy, before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. Under Anaximenes, neither Cicero ('*De Naturâ Deorum*,' and '*Quæst. Acad.*') nor Stobæus is named, nor Dan. Groth, author of a dissertation, '*De Vita et Physiologia Anaximenes*,' published at Jena in 1689. Diogenes

of Apollonia made the important step of endowing the ἀρχή, or primary substance, the soul, with intelligence: he is dismissed, however, with a dozen lines; and with no reference either to Aristotle, Cicero, Eusebius, or any writer. Schleiermacher has also a paper on the philosophy of Diogenes. Similar is the deficiency in respect to Leucippus, the founder of atomism. Aristotle's account of his main principles should have been referred to; but no references to any testimony are given, unless we might so consider the observation that 'Huet and Bayle have both remarked that his theory is very similar to that of Descartes.' But we must not dwell longer on these philosophers of the earlier schools. On the whole, we have, sometimes, been a good deal disappointed with the part of the work which relates to the ancient schools of Greece—for instance, the account of Plato. We have, on this philosopher, not quite a dozen pages, followed by a heap of references. This, in a work of more than 2,000 pages, is a small comparative allowance, especially considering what has been done by the Germans. Very meagre, also, is the account of Aristotle. There are barely six pages on his metaphysic, if even all those pages can be said to be on it. About twenty more are given to logic and the syllogism, in which the syllogism is strangely discussed first. Another chapter follows, on analysis, synthesis, and analogy, as in use among the ancients. In common with ourselves, we presume that the reader would expect to find here some allusion to the synthesis and analysis of those illustrious men, the Greek geometers; but there is no reference to them whatever. Let it not be said that this has nothing to do with a philosophy of the mind; for these two mental processes surely deserve to be exhibited in their various applications. Analysis and synthesis, as understood by the Newtonians, differ much from the original geometrical meanings. The terms are found in chemistry, physics, and the philosophy of the mind; but with an essentially different sense from that of the Greek geometers. We might surely have looked for something like a little history of these important terms, in an express dissertation on them.

We have a final chapter in that part of the work which treats of the Greek and Roman philosophy, on the opinions of the ancient philosophers, up to this period of history, on a Deity, and the human soul. The author here remarks, justly, that there are two extreme classes of opinion with regard to natural theology. Some good men have been very jealous of allowing any natural knowledge at all of the Supreme Being. They have contended that Revelation must have the sole honour of making known to man the existence and attributes of a Deity; and that without it no knowledge of God would now have been found

among men. This extravagant position is deservedly rejected. On the other hand, we have had writers on theology who would say that all that is contained in the Scriptures respecting God, might be found in Plato and Aristotle. This opinion is equally erroneous. While the heathens are condemned, as heathens, for not improving the knowledge of God which Nature afforded—certain it is that the God of the ancient philosopher is not exactly the image of the God of the Jews or of the Christians. Judaism and Christianity offer, and they offer authoritatively, information respecting God, which is much more detailed and practical than can be found elsewhere. They bring God down into the human heart—they do not make him a mere mechanician, or a cold abstraction, or a fond idol of the imagination.

We think that our author has not exactly appreciated Locke's statement, which he quotes from the second book of the 'Essay,' where that distinguished philosopher complains that the mental 'faculties have been spoken of as so many distinct agents;' Locke never meant to confound all distinction between the mental operations and faculties. He only says that 'powers are relations, not agents.' Nor does the quotation which our author adduces from the 'Essay' help him to the conclusion at which he seems to wish to arrive. 'It being asked what it was that digested the meat in our stomachs, it was a ready and very satisfactory answer to say that it was the *digestive faculty*. What was it that made something come out of the body? The *expulsive faculty*. What moved? The *motive faculty*; which ways of speaking will, I think, amount to thus much:—that digestion is performed by something that is able to digest; motion by something that is able to move; and (so) understanding by something that is able to understand.' We must leave our readers to judge how far Locke can fairly be adduced as supporting the theory of abolishing all distinction between the mental faculties.

We regret that we have not space for any of the interesting quotations from the writings of Alfred, so deservedly named 'the Great.' These occur in a chapter entitled 'Saxon Metaphysics.' They are in the dialogue form, and are on the subjects of 'Chance,' 'Freedom of the Will,' 'Why Men have Freedom,' 'The Divine Fore-appointment,' 'Human Nature and its best Interests,' and on the 'Divine Nature.' It would be doing injustice to the meditations of this truly illustrious prince—of our monarchs the most illustrious—to quote a mere fragment.

We must pass over a good deal of interesting historical matter respecting the scholastic metaphysicians, and others, who preceded Descartes—as well as a dissertation on the influence of language on speculative philosophy, in which there

are many good remarks, together with others which appear to us not to have any very definite or consistent aim. Thirty pages follow on Descartes; but the account of him is rather that of an historian, than of the acute, independent examiner and philosophical critic. We are glad, however, not to find our author tripping, as many have done, at the aphorism, *cogito ergo sum*; as though Descartes meant this for an argument. Mr. Blakey, however, might here have quoted Descartes himself, in his 'Reply to the Second Objection,' where he says, in so many words: 'I think, therefore I exist, is not concluded by force of a syllogism, but as a thing in itself evident.' In the critical remarks on Descartes, the author relies much, and justly, on the able and judicious statements of Dugald Stewart. In the remarks on Malebranche (which are too brief for a work of this magnitude, extending to little more than seven pages) no notice is taken of his position with respect to idealism—an interesting point to those who wish to trace the subsequent course of philosophical speculation in Germany, as influenced by previous writers. In the famous assertion, *nous voyons tout en Dieu*, there was no doubt an element tending towards the Pantheistic idealism, which, among the later Germans, has been so remarkable a feature of speculation. If the reader will look into the 'Recherche de la Verité,' the 'Réponse à M. Regis,' and the 'Conversations Chretiennes,' he will find that Malebranche goes so far as to maintain that all spirits, including all souls of men, and all bodies, subsist as *modifications of the extension of the Infinite and Supersensible*—language almost identical with that of Spinoza himself. Indeed, Malebranche's theoretic idealism bore a near resemblance to some of the Pantheistic opinions of the Hindus, who, according to Sir William Jones, believed the whole creation to be rather an energy than a work—a sort of picture exhibited by the Infinite Mind to his creatures.

We have spoken of Malebranche's *theoretic* idealism; for such it is—since he maintains that the reality of outward objects is not revealed to us by sense, but by inspiration. Malebranche's views on ideas would lead as straight to idealism as Berkeley's; but Berkeley boldly avowed that there was no matter in the universe. Malebranche admitted its existence, as what he thought involved in the Mosaic account of the creation; though when he had thus got matter, he did not know what to do with it. His admission of it is an isolated element in his opinions, and has nothing to do with his philosophy. Our author again, in his account of Malebranche, shows more of the generality of the historian, than of the analysis and discrimination of the metaphysician; and this, we are bound to say, we hold to be a somewhat characteristic feature of these volumes.

The author has wisely enabled his readers to judge for themselves of the opinions of Spinoza, by pointing out a considerable number of passages, in reference, on various topics of Spinoza's philosophy, as well as by actual quotation of his words. These volumes would have been rendered much more valuable, had this method been more generally pursued. No man has, perhaps, been regarded in more opposite lights, by different individuals, than Spinoza. Some have held him up as a monster, on account of his Pantheism; others have lavished on him exuberant and inconsistent praise. That he was an amiable and worthy man, and a most profound thinker, cannot be denied; but, notwithstanding the passages in his writings which have a theistic, and even devout complexion, there can be no doubt that the tendency of his speculations was atheistic. Some of the later Germans, however, appear almost to have idolized him. Göthe was particularly struck with Spinoza's 'boundless disinterestedness, and his all-equalizing serenity, and mathematical precision.' Even Schleiermacher exclaims: 'Offer up with me a lock of hair to the holy but despised Spinoza!'—which makes one think of Socrates ordering a cock to be sacrificed to Æsculapius! Spinoza's opinions have, no doubt, had great influence on the course of speculation in Germany, and have contributed not a little to the anti-christian Pantheism which has there prevailed. Leibnitz appears to have had a great horror of Spinozism. That Spinoza should ever become a popular author in England, there is little fear. The complaints against his obscurity are loud and oft-repeated. Jouffroy, the most candid of philosophers, and the most laborious of critics, if not the greatest ornament of the modern Eclectic school, declares that all his efforts to understand what Spinoza really meant, in some parts of his writings, were in vain. 'You are very confused, Benedict Spinoza,' says Voltaire; 'but are you as dangerous as they say? I maintain not: and my reason is, that you are very perplexed; you have written in bad Latin; and there are not ten persons in all Europe who will read you from end to end. When is an author dangerous? When he is read by the idle of the Court, and by women.'

The notice of Leibnitz is too brief and meagre. His doctrine of *force*, which is the key to his monadology, is passed over in silence. We object, too, to the discussion of the doctrine of *Pre-established Harmony*, previously to that of *Monadology*; for the latter is the key to Leibnitz's entire metaphysical system. Mr. Blakey has omitted to say that Leibnitz's monads had no influence on each other; all their appetencies and agencies were internal. Why then this apparent harmony and adjustment of one thing to another, in the universe? Because it is all pre-

established, says Leibnitz. True—the mind seems to affect the body, and the body the mind: but the connexion is only apparent: there is no more reciprocal agency between them, than there is between two clocks, each of whose mechanism is quite independent of the other, and the one of which should be made to strike the hour, while the other pointed to it. This, we remember, is Leibnitz's own illustration. An author of Leibnitz's celebrity should have had a much larger space allotted to him.

The next commanding name is that of Locke. We have always thought that the controversy between this great man and many of his critics on the subject of 'innate ideas,' owed a great deal to mere words. Locke ought, no doubt, to have taken more notice than he does of the Cartesian notion of the *elicitation* of ideas, *facultatem eliciendi*; and not to have argued as though the disciples of Descartes contended for ideas and propositions existing in the mind at birth. We were glad to find our author agreeing with us in his view of this question, and attributing much of the controversy to 'the different terms in which both parties express themselves.' He also justly regards Locke as underrating the importance of the *à priori* ideas and truths which are the 'rudiments of all thought and reasoning.' It must be conceded to Mr. Blakey, that 'Locke's language on this topic is very unguarded.' Some valuable observations occur here, respecting the criticisms on Locke by the Bishop of Worcester, Cousin, and Dr. Whewell. Our author is of opinion that Locke's doctrines have been misapprehended very much, not only on the continent, but also in England and in Scotland: but he defers the detail of these misapprehensions to subsequent parts of his work. On the whole, we think his observations on Locke and his opponents highly deserving of attention. We have never doubted that all attempts to improve and extend psychological science in England, must be based on Locke as the point of departure. Locke is a true type of the sound common-sense of Englishmen, among whom it is impossible that such vagaries as have turned men's heads in Germany, and turned them in different directions, too, can ever become popular. We may borrow many a valuable hint from the Germans; but who that knows our literature and our science could dream of Hegelianism ever taking deep root among us!

In the third volume are some thirty pages on Kant—few enough for a writer requiring so much detail even for stating what he actually says, independently of the next question, what he means. It appears to us that our author has not very accurately estimated what Kant says in the account which he gives of the manner in which he was first led to his own Criticism of Pure Reason, by the speculations of Hume. We

cannot afford room for the passage entire, which occurs in the *Prolegomena*.* Kant says, that Hume's remarks on causation—in which he reduced cause and effect to a mere imaginary connexion, formed in the mind by association—did not by any means satisfy him, though he admitted that reason cannot discover—why, because something is, something else must necessarily be: in this he agreed that Hume triumphed over some of his opponents. Here, then, was one instance in which the mind is compelled, some how or other, to think necessary and universal, what cannot be proved so: *e. g.*—the position, that every change must have a cause. Now Kant complained of Hume that, acutely as he had introduced to the notice of philosophers this problem, which so obviously presents itself in the phenomena of nature—he had failed to state it in all its generality; as there were other conceptions besides that of causation, and other relations besides that of cause and effect, which stood precisely in the same predicament with regard to the human reason. Kant himself undertakes to inquire into these other conceptions and relations—nay, he professes, in the 'categories,' to give a perfect enumeration of them, in general, as Hume had not done; and instead of resolving them, as he thought Hume's principles erroneously tended to do, into association or habit, he refers them to the subjective constitution of the human mind itself. This whole inquiry he designates by the question—'how is knowledge from pure reason possible.'† We do not apprehend that in setting forth this view, he had any particular or immediate reference to the question of 'liberty and necessity,' as our author supposes. It is very true that in an advanced part of the 'Kritik der reinen Vernunft,' and also in the 'Prolegomena,' he discourses on liberty and necessity, under the 'antinomies of reason;' in which he endeavours to show that speculative reason can solve the question, without falling into contradictions in attempting so to do—and that 'practical reason' (moral conviction) is also adequate to set at rest scepticism on the head of human freedom. The particular and immediate object of Kant in his statement respecting Hume was to show, we repeat, that Hume had only taken a very partial view of the problem, and had also given to it a wrong solution. The whole question respecting these truths, which present themselves to reason as necessary and universal, he regarded as solved by the principle that our *subject* is capable of 'synthetic judgments *à priori*.'

Again, we believe that Kant has nowhere said that 'space and time are involved in all sensations, however minutely

* 'Seit Locke's und Leibnitz's Versuchen,' *u. s. w. Einleitung.*

† 'Wie ist Erkenntniss aus reiner Vernunft möglich.' *Ibid.*

analyzed.' Kant distinguishes between *anschauung*, or the cognizance we take of phenomena, objectively, and *empfindung*, or our subjective sensation. To the former, he attributes *extensive*; to the latter, *intensive* magnitude. The tooth-ache, from a slight hint to the torture which it would be well if metaphysics or any other study could banish, is what he would call an *intensive* magnitude—but these sensations, however minute or however great, and all others of a like kind, do not, in themselves considered, involve space, though they involve time. We regret, too, that we cannot say that the doctrine of the categories, or that of analytical and synthetical judgments, as given in this work, is made intelligible to the student who, for the first time, looks into the Kantian philosophy, it may be with a deep and almost awful sense of mystery on his mind. It is of little use to give a mere dry table, or an abstract statement of a few lines, without any illustrations and explanations, even on these fundamental elements of the critical philosophy—we may add, too, elements that are certainly among the most intelligible in the whole system; nor need the examples have taken up much room.

Our limits will not allow of our pursuing the author through the list of names which includes almost all that is really original in the metaphysical speculations of the Germans. These names are Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Herbart. In a work of such extent, one volume might well have been devoted to the most original writers on German philosophy, which is so marvellous a phenomenon in the history of the human mind. All, however, that is devoted to the above celebrated names, does not amount, when summed up, to more than some seventy-five pages; of which about forty are distributed among the last five names, the rest being given to Kant. The consequence is, that the account of these writers, not excluding even Kant, will be found scanty, confused, and unsatisfactory to the student. This part of the work will not bear comparison with Morell's recent work on 'Speculative Philosophy,' the German portion of which is done with considerable spirit and fidelity; though it also much suffers by the want of space; for it is almost hopeless to make German philosophy intelligible, so far as it can be intelligible to English thinkers, without entering into considerable detail and well-constructed illustrations.

We have not space for Mr. Blakey's criticism of Cousin's philosophical system; but we should not greatly differ from his estimate. It appears to us, in one word, to be an unsuccessful attempt to combine into one system heterogeneous elements—the ontological hypothesis of Hegel, with the cautious inductions and the psychological observations of the Reidean school. It

is no wonder that such an attempt should be repudiated as it has been by Germans; and that, on the other hand, it should be far enough from coalescing, naturally, with the spirit of the Scottish philosophy.

Cousin, however, will always be the historical head of the new Eclectic school. Never, perhaps, before, was a professor of philosophy so popular as Cousin was, at one time, in Paris. He rivalled, at least, the most popular of preachers, in the audiences he drew to hear him lecture on a theme proverbially dry and abstract; but which he adorned with the greatest felicity of language. Some two thousand students hung on his lips; and so intense was the curiosity, throughout France, to know what he said, that the political journals found it more profitable, for a season, to leave politics to swell and ferment, like the sea itself, without any attempt to control them; and rather to publish, at full length, the certainly very eloquent periods of the fortunate student, whom philosophy made a Peer of France; and who, for once, reversed the words of Petrarch:

*‘ Povera e nuda vai filosofia;
Pochi compagni avrai per la tua via.’*

No instance of such popular devotion to such a subject could have taken place, probably, in any country but France; nor even there, but under the peculiar moral and educational struggles which have characterised academical education in that country. We quote for our readers a very short specimen of the kind of eloquence which brought together such large Parisian audiences. An improvement in the public taste would, at least, appear to have been effected since the Atheistic times of the great Revolution; though the language has a Pantheistic sense, which, however, it is but fair to say, M. Cousin himself repudiates. But what would any English audience have thought of the following passage?—

*‘ The God of consciousness is not an abstract being, a solitary king, reigning beyond the bounds of creation, upon a desert throne of eternal silence, and passing an absolute existence amidst surrounding nothingness. He is a God at once true and real, at once substance and cause; always substance and always cause, and cause only as a substance; that is to say, being absolute cause, one and many, time and eternity, space and number, essence and life, individuality and totality; in fine, at once God, Nature, and Humanity. Indeed, if the Deity be not all, he is nothing; if he be absolutely indivisible in himself, he must be inaccessible, and consequently incomprehensible.’**

* Fragments, I. 76.

The work is dedicated, by permission, to Prince Albert. It appears to have cost the author little less than twenty years of intermitted labour; and is, with becoming modesty, sent forth to the public. It contains an immense mass of information; and there is nothing comparable to it, for extent, to be found in our literature. We cannot pronounce the work to be characterised by that high analytical power which marks many of our modern authors on psychology, both originally and as historians: witness Dr. Thomas Brown, and Cousin, for instance. Indeed, Mr. Blakey, unfortunately, as we think, for a metaphysician, appears repeatedly rather to depreciate the talent for acute analysis, than to cultivate it or to admire it. But, on the whole, the work is a valuable contribution to our literature; and perhaps it is more calculated to excite a taste for the subject among certain classes of readers, than one of profounder analysis and of a more rigidly scientific character. One strong recommendation of it we must not omit: it is evidently the work of one who is a cordial believer in Christianity, and who is always prominently on the side of piety, humanity, and the real advancement of mankind in every thing that is great and good.

ART. IV.—*An Easter Offering.* By Fredrika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish, by Mary Howitt. London: Colburn.

IN this little volume Miss Bremer has combined one of her cheerful and humanizing stories, and a sketch of life in Denmark, where, shortly before her voyage to America, she made a considerable sojourn. It is principally for the sake of the latter article that we bring the volume under the notice of our readers. The story, which occupies only about one-third of the volume, is of the simplest kind. It is intended to show the effect of an isolated place of abode on the human mind; and this effect is tested by the insensible, but melancholy change which has stolen over an attached and virtuous couple whose lot has been cast in such a spot.

Axel Örn, a young man appointed to a government post on the wild western coast of Sweden, has brought his young bride thither. She is from the city—young, gay, accustomed to society; yet amiable, affectionate, and imaginative. She is at first delighted with her wild and picturesque home, and the

brilliant splendours of the lonely light-house on the cliffs near it, whence the story derives its name.

‘It was among the cliffs beside the sea. It was on the western coast of Sweden, among the sea-rocks of Bohuslän. I do not say exactly where it stood, because that is unnecessary. But it was a long way from the home of Ellina’s childhood, and very unlike its beautiful dales. *There* were orchards and nightingales; *here*, merely an archipelago of naked, grey cliffs, and around them that restless sea, that roaring Cattegat. Such, for the greater part, is the rocky shore of Bohuslän. Many people think scenery of this kind unpleasant, horrible, repulsive. I love it; and it is to me more attractive, more agreeable, than scenery of real softness and verdure—than that of a cultivated and fertile character, which may be found everywhere.’—P. 13.

And so it at first delighted the young bride; and truly the place had its wild charms:—

‘The wild sea-rocks of Bohuslän have their mysteries. They resemble those human characters which are outwardly hard and rough, but within them lie hidden valleys, lovely and fruitful. Make a closer acquaintance with the granite islands, and thou wilt scarcely find one amongst them which does not possess its grassy spots—its beautiful, flowery fields. These grey cliffs draw in the beams of the sun, and long retain their warmth within their granite breasts. They communicate them to the earth which lies at their feet, and within their embrace, and the organic life blooms luxuriantly thereupon. In wild abundance springs up the honeysuckle from every cleft of the rocks, and flings, with the shoots of the blackberry, its delicate blossoming arms around the mossy blocks of stone, converting them into beautiful monuments on the graves of the Vikings. Beds of irises and wild roses bloom beautifully in the bosom of the granite rocks; and up aloft, on the cool height of the hills, where only the wild goat and the sea-bird set their feet, small white and yellow flowers nod in the wind, above the breakers of the Cattegat, which foam at their feet. Upon the smallest of these cliffs the sheep find wholesome herbage, and thrive upon it; and upon the largest, in the midst of the granite fastnesses, may be seen an Eden, planted with roses and lilies, where a son of Adam, with his Eve, live, separated from the world, silently and—happily. We will believe so. But things go on queerly in these quiet, secluded Edens. It did not go on very well in the oldest, that we know; and in those of later days, but very little better—as far, at least, as the human beings are concerned. Generally speaking, life upon a solitary island is not very beneficial. The uniformity in the surrounding circumstances; the monotony of the days, in which ever recur the same impressions, the same occupations; the want of employment, of active thought, and of living diversions; cause the soul, as it were, to grow inward, and the feelings and the thoughts to collect themselves around certain circumscribed points, and to grow firmly to them. We see this in Iceland,

and its formerly powerful race: how the slightest misunderstanding gave birth to quarrels, how quarrels grew into hatred, and hatred to burning and bloodshed—and all this from the monotonous pressure of time, and the recurrence of the same bitter billow-stroke against the heart. We see it in the Faroe Isles—in those quiet, insane figures which wander about among the rocks and the mist. For if misfortune and adversity come, and the human being has no place to flee to where he can disperse their impressions—no place to go to from these mists and these dark cliffs—his understanding must at length become clouded.—P. 15.

Our Adam and Eve, on this lonely coast, do not escape the effect of these influences. They are presented to us in after-life, when the want of objects to divert, and to give a living stimulus to their spirits, had made them discontented, and even doubtful of each other's affections. From this wretched condition they are, however, awakened to a kind of new spring of life; and the manner in which this is brought about is in Miss Bremer's happiest vein, leaving the reader once more in love with the place and the people.

But, as we have said, we regard the second portion of the volume, entitled, 'Life in the North,' but, literally, life in Denmark, as of higher interest, especially at the present time. The part which Denmark has lately been called on to play, in defence of its territory of Schleswig-Holstein against Germany, and the spirit and bravery with which it has done this, give just now a peculiar interest to any account of the condition of that small but vigorous kingdom—social, moral, and political—which comes from a safe source. We are, therefore, glad to have it in our power to present such a statement from a pen so well known and so impartial as that of Fredrika Bremer. She sets out by remarking on the great spirit of change which is manifest throughout the civilized world; and assures us that, though less rapid in its operations, this spirit is not the less alive in Denmark. Her general impression of the country and people is highly flattering.

The social changes are first introduced. We have here a beautiful picture:—

'On Christmas Eve, 1848, a chill and cloudy winter's evening, I found myself in Copenhagen, in a large hall, where more than a hundred children, boys and girls, sang, danced, and made a joyous clamour, around a lofty Christmas-tree, glittering with lights, flowers, fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats, up to the very ceiling.

'But brighter than the lights in the tree shone the gladness in the eyes of the children, and the bloom on their fresh countenances. A handsome, portly, middle-aged lady in black went round amongst the children, with a motherly grace, examining their work in sewing and

handicraft arts, encouraging and rewarding them in an affectionate manner. The children pressed round her, and looked up to her—all seeming to love, none to fear her.

‘It was a charity-school in which I found myself; it was Denmark’s motherly, but childless Queen, Carolina Amalia, whom I here saw surrounded by poor children, whom she had made her own. It was a beautiful scene, and what I saw was also the image of a life—a movement which, at this time, extends through the whole social life of the North. It is the womanly, the motherly movement in society, expanding itself to the comprehension of a wider circle, to the care of the whole race of children, beyond the limits of home, to the enfranchisement, the elevation, of all neglected infancy. It is the maternal advance from the individual life into the general, to the erection of a new home. The asylum is its expanded embrace, and the Christian love makes restitution for the injustice of fortune; here the child seems to escape from the faults and the calamities of its parents, to be preserved for society at large, and to be educated for its benefit. Silently proceeds the maternal power to give a new birth to the human race in its earliest years. And we rely on this power more than upon any other on earth, for the accomplishment of this work, if such a new birth is really to take place. And that the women of the North more clearly seem to accept this mission—and that the Queens of the North, Carolina Amalia, of Denmark, and Josephina, of Sweden, march at the head of this maternal movement—it is only a duty to acknowledge. Nor do these ladies confine themselves to the care of childhood; they extend their beneficent activity through a variety of channels to the children of misfortune; to the solitary, the sick, the old and neglected in society, who are sought out and assisted, or consoled by the more fortunate. One of the most actively useful societies in Copenhagen, is the “Female Association of Nurses,” under the patronage of the Queen, and the management of the chief house-stewardess, the universally respected Mrs. Rosenörn. Blessed is maternal help in the huts of the needy, but still more blessed is the intellectual result which is effected by the personal, affectionate sympathy of the rich, whether in intellectual or worldly wealth, for the poor in want.’—Pp. 101—106.

We are glad to see that this benevolence of the ladies is not without its parallel amongst the gentlemen. Copenhagen does not want its Lord Ashleys in the persons of the venerable Minister of State, Collin—in Mr. Drewsen, Mr. Von Osten, Mr. Brink Seidelin, and others:—

‘About thirty years ago, there swarmed in the streets of Copenhagen, a multitude of lads from ten to fifteen years of age, like that still greater number in Stockholm, who are called *Hamnbusar*, or Harbour-raggamuffins—a repulsive race, in filthy garments, and with wild, thievish eyes; the children of crime and misery, and growing up in all wickedness, for ever on the watch for robbery and mischief. A government officer, who about that time received a post in the police, Mr. A. Drewsen, was struck by the prevalence of this class, laid it to

heart, and, with other similarly disposed and philanthropic men, found a plan to extirpate this growing evil by a thorough and searching remedy. When he had matured his scheme, he called on his fellow-citizens for assistance. He did not call in vain. Liberal subscriptions flowed in from all sides; and by their means the young criminals were speedily removed from the capital to the remote provinces, where they were placed in good and orderly families, chiefly those of farmers. Transplanted into a rich soil, the young shoots of vice almost wholly changed their nature, and became good and serviceable members of society; while ever since this period the amount of crime in the capital has signally decreased. Very rarely, now, is the eye or the mind shocked in the streets of Copenhagen by the sight of mendicant children.'—P. 106.

Turning from the social improvements, Miss Bremer presents us with a picture of the bustle in the streets of Copenhagen, especially in the street called the Oestergade, to which, curiously enough, not even the throng of the Strand, or of Cheapside, seemed to her to be compared. But a still more agreeable contemplation than the external activity of the Danish capital, is that of its religious and intellectual life. Our authoress represents the new life of the North as pervading every department of mind and society. She had heard that she would find the theatres full and the churches empty, and that but little edification was to be found in the places of worship. She assures us that it was quite otherwise. The churches were filled with people, and she heard in them discourses excellent as well on account of their living doctrine as of their admirable delivery. But formerly, and not long since either, the case was different. The religious life of Denmark seemed an extinguished flame, and its theology lay bound in narrow forms; the teachers lacking spirit and the hearers devotion. Much of this auspicious change she attributes to the zeal and talent of Bishop Mynster, and to the pastor Grundtvig. In the commencement of the present century, these popular preachers infused a new spirit into their hearers. They proclaimed, with fervour of conviction and the freshness of genius, the old, eternally new doctrines of the religion of love. Mynster was scientific, harmonious, explicit; Grundtvig, a volcanic nature, with all the spirit and power of the old prophets. Mynster's spiritual discourses soon spread from Denmark to Sweden and Norway. Grundtvig wrote hymns, like those of Ingeman and Boje, giving new life to the church-music of Denmark. To these succeeded many remarkable Christian thinkers and pastors; yet far before them all stood these two—Mynster with the fire of youth beneath his snow-white hair, and Grundtvig casting fiery glances over the depths of immortal life. Bishops Mynster, Martensen, and Pauli, Miss Bremer regards as

Christian teachers, whom no one can hear without admiration and delight, and in Vartou, the church in which Sev. Grundtvig preaches with power, every Sunday may be heard singing, often to the old popular melodies, which proves that the people are in heart 'a congregation.'

The same breath of a new life which has thus regenerated the social and the religious system, has been breathed over the world of intellect and of taste with equally creative energy. In every department of art, science, and literature, Denmark has beheld in the present century, a race of such men spring up as she never possessed before. This part of Miss Bremer's volume will be perused with peculiar interest, for it introduces us to a number of celebrated persons of whom little is known to us in England, and who yet ought to be known to all well-informed minds. We can avail ourselves only of Miss Bremer's graphic review of these things and characters, so far as to name a few of the most prominent artists, literati, and philosophers.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century appeared Evald, the religious poet—Wessel and Baggesen, the humorous ones. But it was not till the nineteenth century that the self-consciousness of the people, as well as art itself, had their full development. Then came Henry Steffens, full of genius and eloquence; and then Adam Oehlenschläger, their great tragic poet, who died only during the present year, having not long ago published his heroic poem, 'Regner Lodbrok.' Still more popular even than Oehlenschläger, is Ingeman, the author of 'Holger the Dane;' for his historical romances have been seized on with avidity by the people, and have inspired a charmed patriotism into the very peasantry. Herz, known in this country by his 'King René's Daughter;' Hauch, a natural philosopher and poet; Paludan Möller, author of the epic poem, 'Adam Homo;' Christian Winter, who sings the idyllian country-life of Denmark; Heiberg, the critic and novelist; and Hans Christian Andersen, so well known in England; are all held in great esteem in their native land.

In sculpture, besides Thorwaldsen, the Danes reckon amongst their greatest artists Jericho and Bissen, both men of strong and original powers. The former is celebrated for his 'Christ,' his 'Angel of the Resurrection,' and his group of 'Adam and Eve;' the latter, for his gods and heroes of the Northern mythology.

In painting, Denmark has a young and promising school of artists, who seek to express the truth of nature, and especially as it presents itself in their native land. We can only name the chief of them, without distinguishing their peculiar walks. They are Marstrand, Simonsen, Sonne, Schleisner, Monnier, Melby, Sörensen, Skovgaard, Kierskow, Rump, Jensen, Ottensen,

Gaertner, Schütz, and a daughter of Poland, now Mrs. Jericho, who has produced her best works in Denmark.

In music, Hartman, Rong, and Gade, stand pre-eminent.

Amongst the scientific men of Denmark stand prominently the two brothers Oersted. A. S. Oersted, the lawyer, has done much to remodel the legislative system of the country; but H. C. Oersted is the inventor of the electric telegraph, which has conferred a new and wonderful power on the world. His most celebrated work has a name which it is difficult to translate into English. It is, 'Kundskapseverens Vasens-enhet i det hele Verldens-allt;' which the Germans have translated into 'Ueber die Wisseneinheit des Erkenntniss-Vermögens im ganzen Weltall.' Perhaps the nearest we can approach to its meaning is, by 'The Universal Identity of the Perceptive Faculty.' The object is to demonstrate that there is nothing discovered in the whole world which is entirely foreign to human reason, and to the laws which are required for the government of the universe; and that the human being is a central thought in the universe. It is a work which ought not to be unknown either to philosopher or poet. His disciple, Forchammer, has thrown much light on geology; and Worsæ, a young man, on the antiquities of the country. Professor Schouw is distinguished in botany, and for his 'Language of Botany.' Bang, Trier, and Stein take high rank as physicians; and, in intellectual philosophy, Ch. F. Sibbern, in his 'Letters of Gabriel,' Martensen, and Sören Kierkegaard, are the most distinguished—and first among them is Sibbern, with his 'Psychological Pathology.' His philosophy, and the same may be said of that of nearly all the great men of Denmark, is totally opposed to the German schools of Hegel and Fichte. It is imbued with a profound and living Christianity.

In political development, the Scandinavian North does not stand behind the rest of the world. We have heard of no revolutions there, precisely because they are not wanted; because they are superseded by a progressive change. In fact, the Scandinavians rather take the precedence of the lively people of the South. They have learned to distrust physical violence, and to rely on the force of reason. *The freedom of the people*, is an old idea up in the North. Its sovereignty was first acknowledged in Sweden, later in Norway, latest in Denmark, but there it is most supreme. The political evolution, without revolution, which has lately arrived in Denmark, and which has changed the government from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy, based on democratical principles, has roots which strike back into remote times. We revert with hope to the oldest history of the North, and that prophecy which is contained in the first appearance of the first settlers there under the powerful guidance

of the Asarna, and to the people's voluntary homage to their superior wisdom. The sentiment is wonderfully strengthened by that of *domestic life* and of *home*. This feeling which has always been strong there, has of late extended itself, by the exchange of literature, throughout all Scandinavia. The different peoples find and feel themselves of one race; having the same common ancestry, the same sacred traditions, the same tastes and feelings. The kindred peoples of the North seem to be called upon by character and history, as well as by the development of the nations, to set an example to other people, by a noble, powerful, and independent life. This feeling has been immensely strengthened by the recent attack on Denmark by the German revolutionary Parliament. The effect of this has been to arouse the spirit of Denmark in a wonderful degree, and to quicken the sense of Scandinavian unity. As this war has excited a strong feeling in England, the account given by Miss Bremer of the effect there on the public mind, as it went on, will be read with interest. We give it exactly as it stands; and with that close our notice of these papers, which offer us more knowledge of the actual state and progress of Denmark than anything we have had for a long time:—

‘June 1st—Spring is now in full bloom, and advances towards mid-summer. The islands of Denmark have put on their glorious attire. The beech woods murmur by the blue rocks. The groves are become vocal. The stork is arrived; the meadows are in bloom; the laburnam streams in the wind. But there arises no joyful song of human voices from the friendly islands. Tears, bitter tears, mothers' tears, brides', sisters' tears, fall upon the beautiful, flower-clad earth. Ah! war has broke out anew, and many sons of the country have fallen, and still fall, in the hopeless combat against a conquering, superior force. A little band of men stands fighting against a host composed of their own number many times multiplied; one million against thirty millions. How can there be any hope? And yet—wonderful, but true!—there is, no doubt, no despondency, in that little band. Such firm faith have they in their own righteous cause, and in the righteous arbitration of the people's fate.

‘Nothing can more truly characterise the temper and disposition of the Danish people, than the effect which has been produced by that unfortunate affair at Eckernförde. The tidings of this reached Copenhagen on Easter Eve. What a murmur of sorrowful disquiet there was that evening in the city, especially in the neighbourhood of the post-house. Sorrow and amazement were upon every countenance. People talked to each other without the ceremony of introduction; high and low communicated to each other what they thought, and wept together. It was as if every family had lost a child. On Easter Sunday people streamed into the churches. The preachers spoke publicly from the pulpits of the great misfortune which had occurred, lamenting, comforting, and encouraging. The immortal theme of death and the resurrection had a new and an irresistible significance. The people

listened and wept. It was like a day of humiliation in Israel. The misfortune of the fatherland was the misfortune of every individual. The blow which had struck the maritime power of Denmark, struck the silent pride and hope of every heart. I saw young girls shed tears, not for the dead, but for "our banner—for Dannebrog!"

* That was Easter Sunday. On Easter Monday it was silent in the gay Copenhagen. The theatres were closed; the dejected attendants spoke in whispers; nothing was to be heard but sighs, and talking about broken hearts of wives and brides! That was the second day. On the third, life again raised itself with strength. Volunteer sailors came by hundreds; came, singing, to offer themselves in the place of those who at Eckernförde had fallen, either by death or into the hands of the enemy. Contributions of money flowed in from all sides, for a new preparation for war; for the families of the killed and wounded. The rich gave abundantly of their wealth; the poor widow gave her mite; and the mothers—beautiful to say—encouraged their sons to go and fight for the fatherland.

* A few days later, and the public mind was again calm and collected, and the theatres were again full of people. But all hearts, all noble feelings, seemed to have opened their fountains for a more abundant flow. The Danish people were now only one great family, who, in the day of sorrow, drew nearer together, to comfort and to support each other. We will here permit ourselves to introduce a little trait which will show the feeling of these days.

* Amongst the many who were named in the newspapers as having fallen at Eckernförde, was a young man who had really not fallen, but had saved himself, in an almost miraculous manner, and now returned to Copenhagen, and to his home there. His mother and sisters sate in their mourning, which they had just prepared, when all at once the lost son and brother stood amongst them! The mother must have died for joy at this moment, had not a strong, secret persuasion possessed her mind that her son lived, and thus she was prepared for this surprise.

* The news of this circumstance went like wild-fire through Copenhagen. People rushed from house to house, into the coffee-houses, and to the news-rooms, to announce it. All were glad; all rejoiced, as if they had recovered a beloved brother. Tears of joy and sympathy fell from all eyes. People began to hope that other fallen ones might likewise arise and return. Strangers to the happy family hastened to them to express their joy and their sympathy, and to embrace him who had returned. The whole city was one family of love.

* Days, weeks, months, have passed since this, and the war continues. Countenances grow dark, and the foe goes on conquering.

* But quiet and firm stands the little nation, determined to dare the utmost, and to fight to the last drop of blood. There is now no song of rejoicing upon the beautiful islands, neither is there any lamentation. They make themselves ready for new efforts, for new sacrifices. There is a strong will, a good courage, and a great patience, in the Danish people at this time. No one can see it without emotion, or

without admiration. And therefore—friendly islands, enchanting islands!—whether tears shall still longer fall upon your soil, whether the enemy shall suck your marrow, and the trial become severer—friendly islands, beloved are you still! There is an honour, a victory, an immortality, which every people, as well as every man, can acquire for himself, even when apparently it is subject to an outward, superior power. And therefore, tears of Denmark's daughters! fall—fall still, if it must be so! The soil which you water is the soil of the hero, and that noble sorrow the mother of a noble joy. You shall live to see that which was sown in bitterness bearing the sheaves of a noble harvest, and your beloved Dannebrog waving in joy over the waters of Denmark, over the blue billows. When the life of a people is what it is here at this time, then it awakes its genius, then it is near with saving power. The genius of Denmark has said:—

‘ When life blooms forth in the heart of the Dane,
 When its song the People raises,
 Then, bright as the sun do I live again,
 And the poets sing my praises.
 My name is known to the toiling hind;
 I embrace him with exultation;
 With joy my life thus renewed I find,—
 I live in the soul of the nation.
 Thou knowest, peasant! I am not dead:
 I come back to thee in my glory!
 I am thy faithful helper in need,
 As in Denmark's ancient story.
Ingeman's Holger the Dane.

—Pp. 209, 210.

Scarcely had Miss Bremer written this when the news of the victory of Fredericia arrived, and inspired universal confidence. Still, the troubles of Denmark are not completely over in Holstein. She has much of the sympathies of Europe, and we think no one reads the extracts we have given, without feeling that she deserves it; and at the same time that Denmark (the smallest kingdom in Europe) has stood boldly for her rights against the assumptions of Germany, and will stand firm and undaunted to the last. It is the interest of Europe that she should do so, and that every possible strength should be preserved to Scandinavia as a bulwark against the encroaching spirit of Russia.

ART. V.—*Poetical Works of William Wordsworth.* London: Edward Moxon.

IN a late article on Southey, we alluded to the solitary position of Wordsworth in that lake country where he once shone the brightest star in a large galaxy. Since then, the star of Jove, so beautiful and large, has gone out in darkness—the greatest laureate of England has expired—the intensest, most unique, and most pure-minded of our poets, with the single exceptions of Milton and Cowper, is departed. And it were lesemajesty against his mighty shade not to pay it our tribute, while yet his memory, and the grass of his grave, are green.

It is singular that only a few months have elapsed since the great antagonist of his literary fame—Lord Jeffrey (who, we understand, persisted to the last in his ungenerous and unjust estimate), left the bench of human, to appear at the bar of Divine justice. Seldom has the death of a celebrated man produced a more powerful impression in his own city and circle, and a less powerful impression on the wide horizon of the world. In truth, he had outlived himself. It had been very different had he passed away thirty years ago, when the 'Edinburgh Review' was in the plenitude of its influence. As it was, he disappeared like a star at midnight, whose descent is almost unnoticed while the whole heavens are white with glory, not like a sun going down, that night may come over the earth. One of the acutest, most accomplished, most warm-hearted and generous of men, Jeffrey wanted that stamp of universality, that highest order of genius, that depth of insight and that simple directness of purpose, not to speak of that moral and religious consecration, which 'give the world assurance of a man.' He was the idol of Edinburgh, and the pride of Scotland, because he condensed in himself those qualities which the modern Athens has long been accustomed to covet and admire—taste and talent rather than genius—subtlety of appreciation rather than power of origination—the logical understanding rather than the inventive insight—and because his name *had* sounded out to the ends of the earth. But nature and man, not Edinburgh Castle, or the Grampian Hills merely, might be summoned to mourn in Wordsworth's departure the loss of one of their truest high-priests, who had gazed into some of the deepest secrets of the one, and echoed some of the loftiest aspirations of the other.

To soften such grief, however, there comes in the reflection, that the task of this great poet had been nobly discharged. He

had given the world assurance, full, and heaped, and running over, of what he meant, and of what was meant by him. While the premature departure of a Schiller, a Byron, or a Keats, gives us emotions similar to those wherewith we would behold the crescent moon, snatched away as by some 'insatiate archer,' up into the Infinite, ere it grew into its full glory—Wordsworth, like Scott, Goethe, and Southey, was permitted to fill his full and broad sphere.

What Wordsworth's mission was, may be, perhaps, understood through some previous remarks upon his great mistress—Nature, as a poetical personage.

There are three methods of contemplating nature. These are, the material, the shadowy, and the mediatorial. The materialist looks upon it as the great and only reality. It is a vast solid fact, for ever burning and rolling around, below and above him. The idealist, on the contrary, regards it as a shadow—a mode of mind—the infinite projection of his own thought. The man who stands *between* the two extremes, looks on nature as a great, but not ultimate or everlasting scheme of mediation, or compromise, between pure and absolute spirit and humanity—adumbrating God to man, and bringing man near to God. To the materialist, there is an altar, star-lighted heaven-high, but no God. To the idealist, there is a God, but no altar. He who holds the theory of mediation, has the Great Spirit as his God, and the universe as the altar on which he presents the gift of his poetical (we do not speak at present so much of his theological) adoration.

It must be obvious, at once, which of those three views of nature is the most poetical. It is surely that which keeps the two principles of spirit and matter distinct and unconfounded—preserves in their proper relations—the soul and the body of things—God within, and without the garment by which, in Goethe's grand thought, 'we see him by.' While one party deify, and another destroy matter, the third impregnate, without identifying, it with the Divine presence.

The notions suggested by this view, which is that of scripture, are exceedingly comprehensive and magnificent. Nature becomes to the poet's eye 'a great sheet let down from God out of heaven,' and in which there is no object 'common or unclean.' The purpose and the Being above cast such a grandeur over the pettiest or barest objects as did the fiery pillar upon the sand or the shrubs of the howling desert of its march. Everything becomes valuable when looked upon as a communication from God, imperfect only from the nature of the material used. What otherwise might have been concluded discords, now appear only stammerings or whisperings in the Divine voice; thorns and

thistles spring above the primeval curse, the 'meanest flower that blows' gives

'Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

The creation is neither unduly exalted nor contemptuously trampled under-foot, but maintains its dignified position, as an ambassador from the Divine King. The glory of something far beyond association—that of a divine and perpetual presence—is shed over the landscape, and its golden-drops are spilled upon the stars. Objects the most diverse—the cradle of the child, the wet hole of the centipede, the bed of the corpse, and the lair of the earthquake, the nest of the lark, and the crag on which sits, half asleep, the dark vulture, digesting blood—are all clothed in a light the same in kind, though varying in degree—

'A light which never was on sea or shore.'

In the poetry of the Hebrews, accordingly, the locusts are God's 'great army';—the winds are his messengers, the thunder his voice, the lightning a 'fiery stream going before him,' the moon his witness in the heavens, the sun a strong man rejoicing to run his race—all creation is roused and startled into life through him—its every beautiful, or dire, or strange shape in the earth or the sky, is God's moveable tent; the place where, for a season, his honour, his beauty, his strength, and his justice dwell—the tenant not degraded, and inconceivable dignity being added to the abode.

His mere 'tent,' however—for while the great and the infinite are thus connected with the little and the finite, the subordination of the latter to the former is always maintained. The most magnificent objects in nature are but the mirrors to God's face—the scaffolding to his future purposes; and, like mirrors, are to wax dim; and, like scaffolding, to be removed. The great sheet is to be *received up* again into heaven. The heavens and the earth are to pass away, and to be succeeded, if not by a purely mental economy, yet by one of a more spiritual materialism, compared to which the former shall no more be remembered, neither come into mind. Those frightful and fantastic forms of animated life, through which God's glory seems to shine with a struggle, and but faintly, shall disappear—nay, the worlds which bore, and sheltered them in their rugged dens and caves, shall flee from the face of the regenerator. 'A milder day' is to dawn on the universe—the refinement of matter is to keep pace with the elevation of mind. Evil and sin are to be eternally banished to some Siberia of space. The word of the poet is to be fulfilled—

'And one eternal spring encircles all!'

The mediatorial purpose of creation, fully subserved, is to be abandoned, that we may see 'eye to eye,' and that God may be 'all in all.'

That such views of matter—its present ministry—the source of its beauty and glory—and its future destiny, transferred from the pages of both Testaments to those of our great moral and religious poets, have deepened some of their profoundest, and swelled some of their highest, strains, is unquestionable. Such prospects as were in Milton's eye, when he sung—

'Thy Saviour and thy Lord
Last in the clouds from heaven to be revealed,
In glory of the Father to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world ; then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,'—

may be found in Thomson, in his closing Hymn to the Seasons,—in Coleridge's 'Religious Musings' (in Shelley's 'Prometheus' even, but perverted and disguised), in Bailey's 'Festus' (cumbered and entangled with his religious theory); and more rootedly, although less theologically, than in all the rest, in the poetry of Wordsworth.

The secret of Wordsworth's profound and peculiar love for Nature, even in her meaner and minuter forms, may lie, perhaps, here. De Quincey seeks for it in a peculiar conformation of the eye, as if he actually did see more in the object than other men—in the rose a richer red, in the sky a deeper azure, in the broom a yellower gold, in the sun a more dazzling ray, in the sea a finer foam, and in the star a more sparkling splendour than even Nature's own 'sweet and cunning' hand put on; but the critic has not sought to explain the rationale of this peculiarity. Mere acuteness of vision it cannot have been, else the eagle might have *felt*, though not written, 'The Excursion'—else the fact is not accountable why many of weak sight, such as Burke, have been rapturous admirers of Nature; and so, till we learn that Mr. De Quincey has looked through Wordsworth's eyes, we must call this a mere fancy. Hazlitt again, and others since, have accounted for the phenomenon by association—but this fails, we suspect, fully to explain the deep, native, and brooding passion in question—a passion which, instead of being swelled by the associations of after life, rose to full stature in youth, as 'Tintern Abbey' testifies. One word of his own, perhaps, better solves the mystery—it is the one word 'consecration'—

'The consecration and the poet's dream.'

His eye had been anointed with eye-salve, and he saw, as his

poet-predecessors had done, the temple in which he was standing, heard in every breeze and ocean billow the sound of a temple-service, and felt that the grandeur of the ritual, and of its recipient, threw the shadow of their greatness upon every stone in the corners of the edifice, and upon every eft crawling along its floors. Reversing the miracle, he saw 'trees as men walking'—heard the speechless sing, and, in the beautiful thought of 'the Roman,' caught on his ear the fragments of a 'divine soliloquy,' filling up the pauses in a universal anthem. Hence the tumultuous, yet awful joy of his youthful feelings to Nature. Hence his estimation of its lowliest features; for does not every bush and tree appear to him a 'pillar in the temple of his God?' The leaping fish pleases him, because its 'cheer' in the lonely tarn is of praise. The dropping of the earth on the coffin lid is a slow and solemn psalm, mingling in austere sympathy with the raven's croak, and in his 'Power of sound' he proceeds elaborately to condense all those varied voices, high or low, soft or harsh, united or discordant, into one crushing chorus, like the choruses of Haydn, or of heaven. Nature undergoes no outward change to his *eye*, but undergoes a far deeper transfiguration to his spirit—as she stands up in the white robes, and with the sounding psalmodies of her mediatorial office, between him and the Infinite I AM.

Never must this feeling be confounded with Pantheism. All does not seem to him to be God, nor even (strictly speaking) divine; but all seems to be immediately *from* God—rushing out from him in being, to rush instantly back to him in service and praise. Again the natal dew of the first morning is seen lying on bud and blade, and the low voice of the first evening's song becomes audible again. Although Coleridge in his youth was a Spinozist, Wordsworth seems at once, and for ever, to have recoiled from even his friend's eloquent version of that creedless creed, that baseless foundation, that system, through the *phenomenon* of which look not the bright eyes of Supreme Intelligence, but the blind face of irresponsible and infinite necessity. Shelley himself—with all the power his critics attribute to him of painting night, animating Atheism, and giving strange loveliness to annihilation—has failed in redeeming Spinoza's theory from the reproach of being as hateful as it is false; and there is no axiom we hold more strongly than this—that the theory which cannot be rendered poetical, cannot be true. 'Beauty is truth, and truth is beauty,' said poor Keats, to whom time, however, was not granted to come down from the first glowing generalization of his heart, to the particular creeds which his ripened intellect would have, according to *it*, rejected or received.

Nor, although Wordsworth is a devoted lover of Nature, down to what many consider the very blots—or, at least, dashes and commas in her page, is he blind to the fact of her transient character. The power he worships has his 'dwelling in the light of setting suns,' but that dwelling is not his everlasting abode. For earth, and the universe, a '*milder day*' (words certifying their truth by their simple beauty) is in store when 'the monuments' of human weakness, folly, and evil, shall 'all be overgrown.' He sees a far off the great spectacle of Nature retiring before God; the ambassador giving place to the King; the bright toys of this nursery—sun, moon, earth, and stars—put away, like childish things; the symbols of the Infinite lost in the Infinite itself; and though he could, on the Saturday evening, bow before the midnight mountains, and midnight heavens, he could also, on the Sabbath morn, in Rydal church, bow as profoundly before the apostolic word, 'All these things shall be dissolved.'

With Wordsworth, as with all great poets, his poetical creed passes into his religious. It is the same tune with variations. But we confess that, in his case, we do not think the variations equal. The mediation of Nature he understands, and has beautifully represented in his poetry; but that higher mediation of the Divine Man between man and the Father, does not lie fully or conspicuously on his page. A believer in the mystery of godliness he unquestionably was; but he seldom preached it. Christopher North, many years ago, in '*Blackwood*,' doubted if there were so much as a Bible in poor Margaret's cottage (*Excursion*). We doubt so too, and have not found much of the 'true cross' among all his trees. The theologians divide prayer into four parts—adoration, thanksgiving, confession, and petition. Wordsworth stops at the second. Nowhere do we find more solemn, sustained, habitual, and worthy adoration, than in his writings. The tone, too, of all his poems, is a calm thanksgiving, like that of a long blue, cloudless sky, colouring, at evening, into the hues of more fiery praise. But he does not weep like a penitent, nor supplicate like a child. Such feelings seem suppressed and folded up as far-off storms, and the traces of past tempests are succinctly enclosed in the algebra of the silent evening air. And hence, like Milton's, his poetry has rather tended to foster the glow of devotion in the loftier spirits of the race—previously taught to adore—than like that of Cowper and Montgomery, to send prodigals back to their forsaken homes; Davids, to cry, 'Against thee only have I sinned;' and Peters, to shriek in agony, 'Lord, save us, we perish.'

To pass from the essential poetic element in a writer of genius, to his artistic skill, is a felt, yet necessary descent—like

the painter compelled, after sketching the man's countenance, to draw his dress. And yet, as of some men and women, the very dress, by its simplicity, elegance, and unity, seems fitted rather to garb the soul than the body—seems the soul made visible—so is it with the style and manner of many great poets. Their speech and music without are as inevitable as their genius, or as the song for ever sounding within their souls. And why? The whole ever tends to beget a whole—the large substance to cast its deep, yet delicate, shadow—the divine to be like itself in the human, on which its seal is set. So it is with Wordsworth. That profound simplicity—that clear obscurity—that night-like noon—that noon-like night—that one atmosphere of overhanging Deity, seen weighing upon ocean and pool, mountain and mole-hill, forest and flower—that pellucid depth—that entireness of purpose and fulness of power, connected with fragmentary, wilful, or even weak execution—that humble, yet proud, precipitation of himself, Antæus-like, upon the bosom of simple scenes and simple sentiments, to regain primeval vigour—that obscure, yet lofty isolation, like a tarn, little in size, but elevated in site, with few visitors, but with many stars—that Tory-Radicalism, Popish-Protestantism, philosophical Christianity, which have rendered him a glorious riddle, and made Shelley, in despair of finding it out, exclaim—

‘No Deist, and no Christian he ;
No Whig, no Tory.
He got so subtle, that to be
Nothing was all his glory,’—

all such apparent contradictions, but real unities, in his poetical and moral creed and character, are fully expressed in his lowly but aspiring language, and the simple, elaborate architecture of his verse—every stone of which is lifted up by the strain of strong logic, and yet laid to music ; and, above all, in the choice of his subjects, which range, with a free and easy motion, up from a garden spade and a village drum, to the ‘celestial visages’ which darkened at the tidings of man's fall, and to the ‘organ of eternity,’ which sung pæans over his recovery.

We sum up what we have further to say of Wordsworth, under the items of his works, his life and character, his death ; and shall close by inquiring, Who is worthy to be his successor ?

His works, covering a large space, and abounding in every variety of excellence and style, assume, after all, a fragmentary aspect. They are true, simple, scattered, and strong, as blocks torn from the crags of Helvellyn, and lying there ‘low, but mighty still.’ Few even of his ballads are wholes. They leave too much untold. They are far too suggestive to satisfy. From

each poem, however rounded, there streams off a long train of thought; like the tail of a comet, which, while testifying its power, mars its aspect of oneness. The 'Excursion,' avowedly a fragment, seems the splinter of a larger splinter; like a piece of Pallas, itself a piece of some split planet. Of all his poems, perhaps, his sonnets, his 'Laodamia,' his 'Intimations of Immortality,' and his verses on the 'Eclipse in Italy,' are the most complete in execution, as certainly they are the most classical in design. Dramatic power he has none, nor does he regret the want. 'I hate,' he was wont to say to Hazlitt, 'those interlocutions between Caius and Lucius.' He sees, as 'from a tower, the end of all.' The waving lights and shadows, the varied loopholes of view, the shiftings and fluctuations of feeling, the growing, broadening interest of the drama, have no charm for him. His mind, from its gigantic size, contracts a gigantic stiffness. It 'moveth altogether, if it move at all.' Hence, some of his smaller poems remind you of the dancing of an elephant, or of the 'hills leaping like lambs.' Many of the little poems which he wrote upon a system are exceedingly tame and feeble. Yet often, even in his narrow bleak vales, we find one 'meek streamlet—only one'—beautifying the desolation; and feel how painful it is for him to become poor, and that, when he sinks, it is with 'compulsion and laborious flight.' But, having subtracted such faults, how much remains—of truth—of tenderness—of sober, eve-like grandeur—of purged beauties, white and clean as the lilies of Eden—of calm, deep reflection, contained in lines and sentences which have become proverbs—of mild enthusiasm—of minute knowledge of nature—of strong, yet unostentatious, sympathy with man—and of devout and breathless communion with the Great Author of all! Apart altogether from their intellectual pretensions, Wordsworth's poems possess a moral clearness, beauty, transparency, and harmony, which connect them immediately with those of Milton; and beside the more popular poetry of the past age—such as Byron's, and Moore's—they remind us of that unplanted garden, where the shadow of God united all trees of fruitfulness, and all flowers of beauty, into one; where the 'large river,' which watered the whole, 'ran south,' toward the sun of heaven—when, compared with the gardens of the Hesperides, where a dragon was the presiding deity, or with those of Vauxhall or White Conduit-house, where Comus and his rabble rout celebrate their undisguised orgies of miscalled and miserable pleasure.

To write a great poem demands years—to write a great undying example, demands a life-time. Such a life, too, becomes a poem—higher far than pen can inscribe, or metre make musical.

Such a life it was granted to Wordsworth to live in severe harmony with his verse—as it lowly, and as it aspiring, to live too amid opposition, obloquy, and abuse—to live too amid the glare of that watchful observation, which has become to public men far more keen and far more capacious in its powers and opportunities, than in Milton's days. It was not, unquestionably, a perfect life, even as a man's, far less as a poet's. He did feel and resent, more than beseemed a great man, the pursuit and persecution of the hounds, whether 'grey' and swift-footed, or whether curs of low degree, who dogged his steps. His voice from his woods sounded at times rather like the moan of wounded weakness, than the bellow of masculine wrath. He should, simply, in reply to his opponents, have written on at his poems, and let his prefaces alone. 'If they receive your first book ill,' wrote Thomas Carlyle to a new author, 'write the second better—so much better as to shame them.' When will authors learn that to answer an unjust attack, is, merely to give it a keener edge, and that all injustice carries the seed of oblivion and exposure in itself? To use the language of the masculine spirit just quoted, 'it is really a truth, one never knows whether praise be really good for one—or whether it be not, in very fact, the worst poison that could be administered. Blame, or even vituperation, I have always found a safer article. In the long run, a man *has*, and *is*, just what he *is* and *has*—the world's notion of him has not altered him at all, except, indeed, if it have poisoned him with self-conceit, and made a *caput mortuum* of him.'

The sensitiveness of authors—were it not such a *sore* subject—might admit of some curious reflections. One would sometimes fancy that Apollo, in an angry hour, had done to his sons, what fable records him to have done to Marsyas—*flayed* them alive. Nothing has brought more contempt upon authors than this—implying, as it does, a lack of common courage and manhood. The true son of genius ought to rush before the public as the warrior into battle, resolved to hack and hew his way to eminence and power, not to whimper like a schoolboy at every scratch—to acknowledge only home thrusts—large, life-letting-out blows—determined either to conquer or to die—and, feeling that battles should be lost in the same spirit in which they are won. If Wordsworth did not fully answer this ideal, others have sunk far more disgracefully and habitually below it.

In private, Wordsworth, we understand, was pure, mild, simple, and majestic—perhaps somewhat austere in his judgments of the erring, and, perhaps, somewhat narrow in his own economics. In accordance, we suppose, with that part of his poetic system, which magnified mole-heaps to mountains, *pennies* assumed the importance of *pounds*. It is ludicrous, yet characteristic, to think

of the great author of the 'Recluse,' squabbling with a porter about the price of a parcel, or bidding down an old book at a stall. He was one of the few poets who were ever guilty of the crime of worldly prudence—that ever could have fulfilled the old paradox, 'A poet has built a house.' In his young days, according to Hazlitt, he said little in society—sat generally lost in thought—threw out a bold or an indifferent remark occasionally—and relapsed into reverie again. In latter years, he became more talkative and oracular. His health and habits were always regular, his temperament happy, and his heart sound and pure.

We have said that his life, *as a poet*, was far from perfect. Our meaning is, that he did not sufficiently, owing to temperament, or position, or habits, sympathize with the on-goings of society, the fulness of modern life, and the varied passions, unbeliefs, sins, and miseries of modern human nature. His soul dwelt apart. He came, like the Baptist, 'neither eating nor drinking,' and men said, 'he hath a demon.' He saw at morning, from London bridge, 'all its mighty heart' lying still; but he did not at noon plunge artistically into the thick of its throbbing life; far less sound the depths of its wild midnight heavings of revel and wretchedness, of hopes and fears, of stifled fury and eloquent despair. Nor, although he sung the 'mighty stream of tendency' of this wondrous age, did he ever launch his poetic craft upon it, nor seem to see the *whitherwards* of its swift and awful stress. He has, on the whole, stood aside from his time—not on a peak of the past—not on an anticipated Alp of the future, but on his own Cumberland highlands—hearing the tumult and remaining still, lifting up his life as a far-seen beacon-fire, studying the manners of the humble dwellers in the vales below—'piping a simple song to thinking hearts,' and striving to waft to brother spirits, the fine infection of his own enthusiasm, faith, hope, and devotion. Perhaps, had he been less strict and consistent in creed and in character, he might have attained greater breadth, blood-warmth, and wide-spread power, have presented on his page a fuller reflection of our present state, and drawn from his poetry a yet stronger moral, and become the Shakespere, instead of the Milton, of the age. For himself, he did undoubtedly choose the 'better part;' nor do we mean to insinuate that any man ought to contaminate himself for the sake of his art, but that the poet of a period will necessarily come so near to its peculiar sins, sufferings, follies, and mistakes, as to understand them, and even to feel the force of their temptations, and though he should never yield to, yet must have a 'fellow-feeling' of its prevailing infirmities.

The death of this eminent man took few by surprise. Many

anxious eyes have for a while been turned towards Rydal Mount, where this hermit stream was nearly sinking into the ocean of the Infinite. And now, to use his own grand word, used at the death of Scott, a 'trouble' hangs upon Helvellyn's brow, and over the waters of Windermere. The last of the Lakers has departed. That glorious country has become a tomb for its more glorious children. No more is Southey's tall form seen at his library window, confronting Skiddaw—with a port as stately as its own. No more does Coleridge's dim eye look down into the dim tarn, heavy laden, too, under the advancing thunder-storm. And no more is Wordsworth's pale and lofty front shaded into divine twilight, as he plunges at noon-day amidst the quiet woods. A stiller, sterner power than poetry has folded into its strict, yet tender and yearning embrace, those

‘Serene creators of immortal things.’

Alas! for the pride and the glory even of the purest products of this strange world! Sin and science, pleasure and poetry, the lowest vices and the highest aspirations, are equally unable to rescue their votaries from the swift ruin which is in chase of us all.

‘Golden lads and girls all must
Like chimney-sweepers come to dust.’

But Wordsworth has left for himself an epitaph almost superfluously rich—in the memory of his private virtues—of the impulse he gave to our declining poetry—of the sympathies he discovered in all his strains with the poor, the neglected, and the despised—of the version he furnished of Nature, true and beautiful as if it were Nature *describing herself*—of his lofty and enacted ideal of his art and the artist—of the ‘thoughts, too deep for tears,’ he has given to meditative and lonely hearts—and, above all, of the support he has lent to the cause of the ‘primal duties’ and eldest instincts of man—to his hope of immortality, and his fear of God. And now we bid him farewell, in his own words—

‘Blessings be with him, and eternal praise,
The *poet*, who on earth has made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.’

Although, as already remarked, not the poet of the age—it has, in our view, been, on the whole, fortunate for poetry and society that for seven years William Wordsworth has been poet-laureate. We live in a transition state in respect to both. The march and the music are both changing—nor are they yet fully attuned to each other—and, meanwhile, it was desirable that a poet should preside, whose strains formed a fine ‘musical confusion,’ like that of old in the ‘wood of Crete’—of the old and

the new—of the Conservative and the Democratic—of the golden age, supposed by many to have existed in the past, and of the millennium, expected by more in the future—a compromise of the two poetical styles besides—the one, which clung to the hoary tradition of the elders, and the other, which accepted innovation because it was new, and boldness because it was daring, and mysticism because it was dark—not truth, *though* new; beauty, *though* bold; and insight, *though* shadowy and shy. Nay, we heartily wish, had it been for nothing else than this, that his reign had lasted for many years longer, till, perchance, the discordant elements in our creeds and literature had been somewhat harmonized. As it is, there must now be great difficulty in choosing his successor to the laureateship; nor is there, we think, a single name in our poetry whose elevation to the office would give universal, or even general, satisfaction.

Milman is a fine poet, but not a great one. Croly is, or ought to have been, a great poet; but is not sufficiently known, nor *en rapport* with the spirit of the time. Bowles is dead—Moore dying. Lockhart and Macaulay have written clever ballads; but no shapely, continuous, and masterly poem. John Wilson, *alias* Christopher North, has more poetry in his eye, brow, head, hair, figure, voice, talk, and the prose of his 'Noctes,' than any man living; but his verse, on the whole, is mawkish—and his being a Scotchman will be a stumbling-block to many, though not to us; for, had Campbell been alive, we should have said at once, let him be laureate—if manly grace, classic power, and genuine popularity, form qualifications for the office. Tennyson, considering all he has done, has received his full meed already. Let him and Leigh Hunt repose under the shadow of their pensions. Our gifted friends, Bailey, of 'Festus,' and Yendys, of the 'Roman,' are yet in blossom—though it is a glorious blossom. Henry Taylor is rather in the sere and yellow leaf—nor was his leaf ever, in our judgment, very fresh or ample: a masterly builder he is, certainly, but the materials he brings are not highly poetical. When Dickens is promoted to Scott's wizard throne, let Browning succeed Wordsworth on the forked Helvellyn! Landor is a vast monumental name; but, while he has overawed the higher intellects of the time, he has never touched the general heart, nor *told* the world much, except his great opinion of himself, the low opinion he has of almost everybody else, and the very learned reasons and sufficient grounds he has for supporting those twin opinions. Never was such power so wasted and thrown away. The proposition of a lady laureate is simply absurd, without being witty. Why not as soon have proposed the Infant Sappho? In short, if we ask again, 'Where is the poet worthy to wear the

crown which has dropped from the solemn brow of "old Pan," "sole king of rocky Cumberland?"—Echo, from Glaramara, or the Langdale Pikes, might well answer, 'Where?'

We have, however, a notion of our own, which we mean, as a close to the article, to indicate. The laureateship was too long a sop for parasites, whose politics and poetry were equally tame. It seems now to have become the late reward of veteran merit—the Popedom of poetry. Why not, rather, hang it up as a crown, to be won by our rising bards—either as the reward of some special poem on an appointed subject, or of general merit? Why not delay for a season the bestowal of the laurel, and give thus a national importance to its decision? Only we should insist on some other committee for settling the point than her Majesty's Ministers, who, since Macaulay resigned, possess not one man who can distinguish between bathos and beauty—we had almost said, between poetry and prose—who, but for the fact of his being a Tory, might by this time have interwoven the laurel with the wig of Patrick Robertson—and who, perhaps ere this paper has seen the light, have insulted the literature of the country by bestowing it upon Monckton Milnes, or on some similar 'sublime of mediocrity,' who happens to have Longman or Moxon for his accoucheur, and the 'Edinburgh Review' for his godfather.

ART. VI.—*Lectures on Christian Theology.* By the late Rev. George Payne, LL.D., Professor of Divinity in the Western College. *With a Memoir*, by Rev. John Pyer; and *Reminiscences*, by Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. Edited by Evan Davies. Two Vols. 8vo. London: John Snow.

MR. DAVIES says, in his short and modest Preface to these goodly volumes, that 'the work of editing them could not but prove a labour of love to a former attached pupil. How many grateful recollections it has called to mind! How greatly it has deepened the sense of obligations previously felt! And in the performance of such a duty, love could not fail of assuming the form of reverence! The occupation related to the dead! On the spot stood his monument, erected by his own hands,—it could have been reared by no other; and the editor esteemed it no small honour to be employed in removing some of the scaffolding which no one was permitted to touch till the revered

builder had retired to REST ! The employment has been solemn, but instructive ! Here words should be few ; and, therefore, he will only suggest to the reader, that when he comes hither—to the literary monument of his venerated tutor—thought and reflection are needful and appropriate !

We accept the suggestion, simply premising that the terms ' literary monument ' do not sufficiently characterise the work to which they refer. Yet we thank Mr. Davies for the expression, inasmuch as we have long felt that the craving for literary fame, which seeks to realize the object of its ambition by a systematic avoidance of reference to the Christian doctrine, pursues exactly that course which ensures its speedy mortality. Rounded periods, elegant conceptions, beautiful ideas, flights of ' winged fancy,' are all very well in their own province—and it is not our habit to chain the children of genius—but it has often been noted, and prolonged experience confirms the observation, that those authors have the surest prospect of an *abiding* name who subordinate their talents and acquirements to the truth of God, and the immortal interests of man. Milton and Cowper will live when Byron and Shelley are forgotten. Those will be household words, when these, with all their acknowledged genius, will be discovered only by the literary antiquary in the national museum. And much of that which now passes for brilliance will be eclipsed by the steady light reflected from the ' everlasting ray.' In fact, literature, like philosophy, is in her loftiest mood and noblest position when she is doing service at the footstool of Christianity. The highest form of truth takes to its bosom and immortalizes with itself those who, like the departed author of these volumes, devote to its service the mental powers with which they have been entrusted. This we take to be the solution of the problem and the philosophy of the fact under notice.

We have said, departed author. These volumes are posthumous—as such they are suggestive. Another standard-bearer has fallen ; another voice, which uttered from an earnest heart the living truths of Christianity, is still ; another well-instructed scribe rests from his labours ; but the thoughts of a mind consecrated to the highest kind of service in which any of the sons of men are permitted to engage, are generally diffused far beyond the ' local habitation ' of the labourer during his lifetime, and long survive the period when ' devout men carry him to his burial.' Many ministers, now labouring in their respective spheres, gathered from the lips of Dr. Payne seeds of truth far more valuable than the sands of the Sacramento—seeds of truth, which they in their turn have scattered only to be reproduced in a still more glorious form in regions of purity and light. And the

volumes which we now introduce to our readers are a treasury of thought, theological, metaphysical, and polemic, which many a diligent student will open in years to come, and find himself refreshed, enlightened, and invigorated.

We shall return to the preliminary matter, purposing, meantime, to put those of our readers who may not yet possess these volumes into direct contact with the opinions of Dr. Payne on some of the subjects which are at present agitating the public mind. We do not recollect any reply to Hume's famous argument against miracles more convincing, and at the same time *popular*, than the following:—

* But though we should discard the atheistical opinion that miracles are beyond the power of God, or that the laws of nature are too sacred to be suspended even by their Author, so that every miraculous report ought at once to be rejected, it is still objected that no accumulation of *testimony* will justify us in admitting such a report. This is the celebrated objection of Hume. "Experience," says he, "is our only guide in judging of matters of fact; a miracle is a violation of the laws of nature; a firm and invariable experience has established these laws; and therefore, experience has furnished us with proof against a miracle, stronger than any which can be brought to support it by testimony." I agree with the writer quoted a short time ago [Dr. Channing], that "infidelity has seldom forged a weaker weapon than this argument of Hume;" and that it would not deserve notice, were it not from the name of its author. Yet, as it is well known, and may do mischief to those who cannot unravel the sophistries of this writer, I will make a few remarks upon it.

* 1. We might except against the statement, that we can only judge of the truth of a matter of fact by experience. On this, however, I cannot enlarge.

* 2. We might ask him, what he means by experience? If by this term he intends to designate our own *personal* or *individual* experience, then must we, in addition to miracles, reject ten thousand facts which no one in his senses can deny. We must maintain that the sun is never vertical between the tropics; and that there are three hundred and sixty-five days and nights in the year at the poles—though it is demonstrable that there can be but one of each.

* If by experience he intended to denote *general* or *universal* experience—the experience of all men, in all ages and countries; then we answer, that experience in this sense is *not* against a miracle—that the laws of nature are *not* established by a firm and invariable experience; for, in the experience of many thousands (and Mr. Hume cannot deny this, without the most flagrant assumption of the very point in dispute), the laws of nature have been actually suspended; so that the fact of occasional deviations from the laws of nature is as really established by experience, as the fact of the general observation of those laws.

* Further, we would ask Mr. Hume how he has gained the knowledge of experience in this extended sense of the term? How he has

ascertained what is, in point of fact, the experience of all men in all ages and countries? He can only reply, By testimony. So that testimony must be believed, before he can obtain the verdict of experience; and yet such is the gross contradiction in which he involves himself—experience is to guide us whether to believe the testimony or not; *i.e.*, the cause must first produce the effect, then the effect is to decide whether the cause shall exist! It is some consolation to recollect that this is the reasoning, not of a Christian, but of an infidel.

‘Further; to say nothing more at present of the *hocus pocus* manner in which Mr. Hume gains his knowledge of experience, we might ask him whether he can possibly persuade himself that he is acquainted with the experience of all men in the world, in all ages and countries, in reference to any one of the laws of nature. It was contrary to his experience, we admit, that a dead man should come to life again—contrary to the experience of all the men with whom he had conversed—contrary to the experience of most of the men of whom he had ever heard. But had Mr. Hume conversed with all the men in the world? Had he received information of all the men in the world? Was there not a single being with whose experience Mr. Hume was not acquainted? Now if there were one, that individual—for aught that Mr. Hume could know or say to the contrary—might have had experience of a miracle; the experience of that individual might establish the possibility of a miracle. The fact is, that the attribute of omniscience is requisite to the knowledge of experience in that sense of the term which can alone support Mr. Hume’s argument; for if it be any thing short of what it professes to be—firm and unalterable, *i.e.* the experience of all men, in all ages and countries; it cannot justify any one, even on Mr. Hume’s principles, in rejecting testimony in support of a fact, which may be in harmony with the experience of multitudes, though we, in our ignorance, know it not.’—Vol. ii. pp. 371—373.

We commend to the modern school of anti-supernaturalists an attentive examination of the argument in the lecture from which we have quoted. The disciples of that school will find in these pages abundant evidence that they have much to learn before the world gives them credit for a monopoly of reason; and that their frequent indictment, both by assertion and implication, of Christianity as a system which throws a cloud around the human understanding, and demands the surrender of philosophical inquiry, as the condition of faith, is wholly unsupported. On the contrary, the evidence is all the other way. George Payne was not a man to assume a premiss without investigation. He takes nothing for granted. With a power of analysis rarely surpassed, he subjected every proposition, metaphysical or theological, to the severest inspection. By a process of anatomy, for which he was greatly distinguished, combined with a perseverance which no difficulty could overcome, he reduced every theory that lay in his path to its constituent parts, and rested not until he was satisfied either of its truth or falsehood.

It has, indeed, been alleged, that he carried this mental tendency to such an extent as to make the style of his prelections somewhat cold and uninviting. This mental trait, however, warrants the notion that, if either the miracles or prophecies of the Bible were false, Dr. Payne was eminently fitted to detect the imposture. Surely it is a question worthy of consideration by those who are labouring to destroy all the peculiarities of Christianity, how it comes to pass that some of the clearest intellects and most profound thinkers that England has produced, have devoted their best years to 'Christian theology,' and yet, with one voice, have declared the Bible to be, 'in deed and in truth,' a revelation from God? Nor is the unanimity of their verdict affected by variety of opinion on questions of ecclesiastical polity. Churchmen and Dissenters, with their respective subdivisions, have been represented in this court of inquiry by 'representative men,' whose names are venerated in every region where a Christian literature has found its way.

But, in view of this class of objectors, we go a step further, and submit that Christianity, so far from darkening or enfeebling the intellectual powers, is the 'true light' which illumines and invigorates them. Its value in this respect may be briefly tested. Whatever tends to divorce man from the dominion of his mere instincts, to make him recognise the superior claims of his intellectual nature, and to induce self-respect, is valuable in proportion to the power which it possesses to effect all this. The means are valuable, on account of, and because in harmony with, the desired end. Now, if Christianity clearly avows it as its purpose thus to elevate man, to control his wayward and degrading passions, and to forward the true interests of individuals without detriment to those of others, why should any class, professing anxiety for the elevation of their species, turn away with gestures of impatience when the aid of Christianity is offered to realize the end which they desire? If it can be shown that Christianity contains principles which are inimical to the moral and intellectual nature of man, then, of course, it clashes with the progress of the race; but if, on the contrary, it is acknowledged, by all who have examined the matter, that it contains the purest morals, and presents the most sublime motives for the improvement of the heart, that it encourages the student to acquire elevating knowledge, and in no instance prohibits investigation into any subject fitted to make men wise, then it is entitled to the suffrage of all who would either rise themselves, or aid others to rise in the scale of morality and wisdom. It is entitled to be ranked first among educational agencies. It is the most powerful and successful teacher which the world possesses. It has penetrated those recesses of dark-

ness which no other educational agency could reach, and has conveyed information to which no other system even pretends.

Another great question of the day relates to the union of the Church with the State; and every man who gives the least attention to the phenomena of society at this moment, must admit that this is no longer a question of sect or party, but one of absorbing *national* importance. It will soon be translated from the platform of the Anti-state-church Association to the ministerial benches, and will find an echo in both Houses of Parliament.

'In 1834,' says Mr. Pyer, 'Dr. Payne published a pamphlet of forty-seven octavo pages, entitled, "The Separation of Church and State calmly considered, in reference to its Probable Influence upon the Cause and Progress of Evangelical truth in this Country." Two editions of this work appeared; the first under the signature of a "Devonshire Dissenter," and the other with his own name attached. In his opening remarks, he adverts to the misrepresentations which have been made of the opinions and efforts of Dissenters on the great question at issue, and states, very fairly, what it is they intend, when they plead for the Separation of the Church from the State. Thus he places the matter:—

"It is seldom the case that the sentiments of an individual or a sect are exhibited with perfect correctness by one who endeavours to overthrow them. Even in the absence of any disposition to indulge in misrepresentation, the medium of prejudice through which he views them, affecting his own conception of their nature and consequences, will certainly, and perhaps unconsciously, lead him to present them in a false light to others. The Dissenters of this country do not wish to think that their opinions have been intentionally misrepresented; yet the apparent reluctance with which our explanations have been received, renders it impossible for us to give—at least, to the more prominent advocates of the endowed Church—credit for the possession of all that candour and single-mindedness with which a controversy so important as that which has commenced between the Church and Dissenters, should be carried on.

"From the press, and from the senate of our country, the charge against us has issued, and is now resounding through the whole length and breadth of the land, that the great object of the present movement is to destroy the Established Church. Our reply, in effect at least, has been, that we merely wish to destroy the civil Establishment of that Church; two things which could not have been identified, had there been a little more candour, or a little more discernment, on the part of our opponents. The least reflection upon the two preceding forms of expression cannot fail to bring the conviction to every honest mind, that, in the first case, the thing which is desired to be destroyed, is the Church; *i.e.*, the Episcopalian section of the Church; while in the latter case, it is not the Church, but its alliance with the State. The dissolution of the conjugal union between two individuals, who ought not to have formed it, is not, surely, the destruction of the female, but the destruction of a relation merely in which she had stood, or had been supposed to stand,

to the other party. *The Church*, as it is called by courtesy, *i.e.*, the Episcopalian denomination, is now the spouse of the State (we think she ought to be the spouse of Christ only); our anxiety is simply to obtain a writ of divorce. If our opponents will continue to represent this as a desire to put the wife to death, the public must judge whether the defect is in our statements, or in their perceptions." —*Memoir*, pp. 69, 70.

Mr. Pyer characterises this pamphlet as terse, vigorous, and convincing, and yet without a particle of bigotry, or a sentence that can justly give offence. He adds, 'The Anti-state-church Association could not do a better service to the cause it advocates, than to reprint and circulate it by thousands.'

The great value of these volumes, however, is that which is indicated by their title—'Lectures on Christian Theology.' Our readers need no information respecting the doctrinal views of the author of 'Lectures on Divine Sovereignty, Election, the Atonement, Justification, and Regeneration.' The first series, extending to thirteen lectures, is devoted to the 'Divine Existence and Perfections.' The second, embracing six lectures, treats of the 'Divine Unity, and the Revealed Doctrine of the Trinity.' The third, discussed in seven lectures, is entitled, 'The Works of God.' The fourth, on 'The Redeemer of Man,' extends to fourteen lectures. And the fifth, on 'Miscellaneous' subjects, is comprehended in eight lectures.

We are neither prepared, nor called on, to endorse every opinion advanced in this work, nor is it necessary to express in stronger language than we have used our estimate of its worth. We are glad to discover signs of an increased attention to the claims of systematic theology. Topical discourses, however valuable in themselves, necessarily present the truth only in fragments;—the coherence, the unity of the Divine manifestation, cannot be thus exhibited to the hearer. He is like a man ignorant of astronomy, gazing with wonder upon the sidereal heavens; but who knows not that each is a part of the stupendous whole, that the laws of harmony and subordination obtain among all these apparently insulated orbs, and unite them in one great fellowship—the commonwealth of the skies, and a portion of the measureless universe of God. But, whatever may be said respecting the multitude of hearers, a well-furnished instructor of others in the truths of Christianity must study system, if he would avoid the error of magnifying one or more doctrines of scripture at the expense of others. As all scripture is given by inspiration of God, so all scripture should be searched, that the bearing and influence of one portion on another may be apprehended, and when apprehended, exhibited to the audience for the purpose of instruction in righteousness:—

‘Generally speaking,’ says Dr. Payne, in the Introductory Lecture, ‘the facility we possess in communicating what we know to others, will be in proportion to our own knowledge. What we thoroughly understand, we shall be able to exhibit clearly and fully to others, and to convey to them a thorough understanding of it; and, on the other hand, an imperfect conception of any subject can only originate a lame, and obscure, and feeble exhibition of it. Give but to the teacher of theology a perfect comprehension of what he is about, and I will answer for his making his way to the understanding, if not the consciences, of his hearers. Now, to study theology systematically, must, on these principles, aid in the communication of truth. A careful comparison of apparently conflicting passages, or conflicting doctrines, cannot fail to give us a more definite, and clear, and accurate conception of their meaning. It is astonishing how very loose and vague are the notions entertained by many men—and many preachers, too—with reference to some very important points of Divine truth; and not more astonishing, I may add, than disgraceful. Ignorance of the important principles of his profession, is always considered disgraceful to the lawyer or physician. How much more dishonourable to the theologian! And this prevalence of those loose and vague notions, to which I have just referred, I am disposed to trace, in a considerable degree at least, to a want of attention to theology as a system. “A good divine,” says one, “is far superior to a mere composer of sermons. He will have a greater fulness of thought, and a more commanding view of his subjects.” I am convinced, also, that the systematic study of theology will tend to give a vigour and firmness to your statements of truth, as much removed from offensive dogmatism on the one hand, as from weakness and hesitation on the other. Without comprehensive acquaintance with the subject on which we speak, in all its bearings and connexions, we are apt to get into a most offensive and ignorant dogmatism—floundering on from one contradiction to another, pulling down this half hour that which we built up the preceding one; or we should be, perhaps, afraid, on the other hand, of opening our mouth, lest the second breath should gainsay the first, and convince our hearers that their teacher knows little or nothing about the matter. It is very desirable that a minister should be fully sensible of what he is about, that he should feel his ground, that he should be aware of the dangers on either hand of him. This will give him, though a prudent, a firm step. He will not be obliged to be impudent to prove that he is not empty; nor hesitating, to show that he is not heedless and rash.”’

We conclude by a word or two about the preliminary matter of these volumes. The editor has discharged his duty, as he tells us, ‘as a labour of love.’ The arrangement indicates care and judgment. The ‘Memoir’ by the Rev. John Pyer, is one of the most prudent pieces of biography we have seen for some time. It is a calm and truthful description of the history, life, and writings of a deceased friend. You see the man before you, just as he was,—the good servant of Jesus Christ, the acute

metaphysician, the able divine, the diligent tutor, the faithful friend, the loving husband and father, the humble Christian, and the modest man; you see, in the concluding words of the memoir, '*The good Dr. PAYNE!*'

The address at the interment, by Dr. Burder, opens with a sentence which is itself a memoir of the noblest kind: 'Never did I follow a friend to the grave with a deeper persuasion that his spirit was with Christ, than I feel at this solemn moment regarding my beloved and lamented brother!'

The paper entitled '*Reminiscences*,' by Dr. Wardlaw, is brief, but, coming from such a quarter, it is needless to add, valuable. It contains some interesting correspondence, on one or two of the most difficult points in theology, which passed between the two friends many years ago, and which suggests to us that the discipline of the mind in early life, by habits of severe and continued thought, is one of the surest indications of future eminence, whether in the field of general literature, or in that most glorious of all fields—'*Christian Theology.*'

ART. VII.—*Sinai and Golgotha; a Journey in the East.* By Frederick Adolph Strauss. Translated from the German. With an Introduction, by Henry Stebbing, D.D., &c. 16mo, pp. 390. London: James Blackwood. 1849.

WE hail with sincere pleasure the appearance of this volume, from the pen of the amiable and pious licentiate of theology at the University of Berlin. This Dr. Strauss is the very antipode of David Strauss, the author of '*Leben Jesu*,' with whom he has nothing in common except his name. The author, Strauss, was fitted for his task by unassuming and heartfelt devotion, deep theological and scriptural knowledge, childlike simplicity, and, above all, by that faith in Christ which is the result of deep conviction.

'*Sinai and Golgotha*,' as one might almost infer from the title, appeals rather to the heart than to the intellect. It is written for our instruction and improvement, and describes the localities where the most stupendous events have taken place which could possibly engage man's reverential attention, and are recorded in the Scriptures by eye-witnesses.

The motives of his journey, and the nature and tendency of his description, are thus unfolded by Dr. Strauss in his Preface:—

'My journey in the East has served as an additional corroboration to my mind of the truth of the Divine Word. Could I visit the spots which, from the theatre of the sacred history, corresponded in the minutest particulars to the statements of Scripture—could I observe the manners of the people, which have there undergone but little alteration during the course of centuries—could I witness in the condition of those countries, and in the history of those nations, the wonderful fulfilment of prophetic declaration—I should, I believed, apprehend more forcibly than ever the truth of the Word of God.

'Thoughts such as these connected with the East, suggest the inquiry, What is the present state of *religion* there; what are the operations of our brethren in the faith; and what is now proclaimed of that Word of God once revealed in that land, but now fading in obscurity? The information on both these points, acquired by this journey, will be presented in the following pages. May the Lord bless them to the strengthening of faith, and the promotion of active love. . . .

'The emotions I experienced in these most consecrated spots are connected in the depths of my heart, and are the most precious results of the journey. Such feelings cannot be communicated, but every one will enter into them—for Sinai and Golgotha are the mountains from whence our help hath come.'

Divided into six parts, of which the following are the names: Greece—Egypt—Sinai—Jerusalem—The Promised Land—The Return Home—the whole embraces forty-three subjects, each of which forms a separate chapter.

The first thing which arrests attention in the perusal of this work, is the ease and manly freedom with which each statement is made, and the objects and circumstances are treated of. Every sentence bears proof to the author's thorough acquaintance with the *savoir faire*. We don't find a single idea too many, nor a word with which we could dispense. The whole is a well-conceived and highly-finished picture of Eastern life, given in lively but truthful colours. What enhances the beauty of the book, are the frequent bursts of enthusiasm in which the author breaks forth; and which is in itself so natural, that the reader cannot but sympathize with him. We honestly confess, that, having ourselves seen, both in the East and in the West, some of the beauties and glories of God's creation, we can easily understand the ecstasy and delight with which our author dwells on the sacred spots he has visited in the course of his very interesting journey.

To give a connected account of what Dr. Strauss saw and experienced in the East, is beyond the narrow limits of this article. Our space will only allow us to present some detached and unconnected extracts, in illustration of what we have said.

Among the ecclesiastical institutions little known in this

country, is the Greek Church, which, until very lately, has scarcely so much as excited the attention of our best and most studious men. The Hon. Mr. Curson has recently brought it before the learned world; but even he has treated the matter in a rather one-sided, we might almost say superficial, manner. Yet what is the account the learned Doctor gives of this branch of the Church?—

‘Let us now turn,’ he says, ‘from the impressions produced upon our minds by the city of Athens, to the consideration of the Greek Church: and, first, we must glance backward to the first centuries of the Christian Church. The Greek language was that most in use in the time of the apostles. For this reason, the Gospels and Epistles were written in it. But when the boundaries of the promised land were passed, and the apostolic churches became more extended, each congregation worshipped in its mother tongue, and thus introduced the use of many languages into the one Christian Church. In the West, the Latin tongue was used; and the distinction between the Eastern and Western Churches consisted, at first, only in this difference of language, but it soon extended to other points—so that both Churches began to modify their doctrines and worship according to their respective peculiarities.

‘These diversities continued till the time of Constantine; when, by his conversion to Christianity, the boundaries of the Church were considerably enlarged, and a form of government was given it by the Emperor, who instructed the Eastern and Western Churches to hold a common assembly. Here the more sober and sensible character of the West often appeared in opposition to the lively, impressible spirit of the East; and, in the discussion respecting Christian doctrines, the Roman Catholic Western Church (by means of great determination) often obtained the victory over the wavering Greeks, and preserved a greater uniformity than the latter, among whom many sects arose, following this or that strange doctrine—as the Coptic, Armenian, or Nestorian.

‘The difference between the Churches became at length so great, that at the end of the eighth century the union almost ceased to exist; and, in the twelfth century, the Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople excommunicated each other at the same time. Since that period, the Churches have maintained a bitter hatred towards one another, each asserting itself to hold the orthodox Catholic faith. It appears that the Greek Church numbers about seventy millions, and the Roman, a hundred and forty millions, of adherents. The Pope has, nevertheless, succeeded in subjecting to his authority several Greek churches; these are now called Greek-Catholic, while the others style themselves Greek-Orthodox.

‘With respect to the teaching of this Church, its compendium of doctrine was written towards the close of the eighth century, by John Damascenus, a monk of the Convent of St. Saba, near Jerusalem, and is entitled, “Explanation of the Orthodox Faith.” To this the Greek Church has adhered; and, while in the West, under the blessing of God’s

Spirit, great light has been obtained on the meaning of the Holy Scriptures (although many deviations from the right way have also been permitted to creep in), the Greek Church retains its original constitution. Its principles approximate nearer to the Protestant faith than do those of the Roman Catholics; and it has been less decided in its opposition to the doctrine of justification by faith. If it accepts the seven sacraments, it rejects the theory of purgatory. The Holy Sacrament is administered in both kinds; and a spoon of wine is presented to the communicant, containing a piece of broken bread. One singular custom prevalent among them is, that little children are admitted after baptism to the Sacrament of the Supper, manifestly in opposition to the rule of the apostle, who enjoins self-examination previous to the Communion. The marriage of the lower grade of priests is permitted; the higher ranks of ecclesiastics alone being prohibited from entering into the conjugal state. But, much as the Greek Church resembles the Protestant in some particulars, the Word of the Lord does not possess that authority which belongs to it, and an individual acquaintance with the Scriptures is almost unknown.

‘The impediments to the progress of the Church were owing partly to the general decline of the Eastern power; but principally to the severe and widely extended sway of the Mahomedans, by whom the Greek Christians were continually confined within narrower bounds. A want of spiritual cultivation, almost beyond conception, was the result; preaching fell more and more into disuse, until it was at length completely abandoned; and the beautiful liturgy, which the early Church had left to succeeding generations as an inimitable inheritance, became incomprehensible to the people, whose language had undergone considerable alteration.

‘The poor people sank into gross superstition; and adopted a worship of the saints and their images, more degrading than is often to be found in the Romish Church itself.

‘Such is the position of the Greek Church. Nothing but the deliverance of the land from the Turkish yoke, accompanied by a great political agitation, has been sufficient to arouse it from its sleep of centuries. This has been facilitated by its withdrawal from the authority of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and its placing itself, after the model of the Russian-Greek Church, in the hands of a holy synod; which assembles at stated periods for the arrangement of affairs, and is represented by a settled committee. Reformatory regulations will doubtless follow this independency.

‘A theological faculty has lately been instituted by the Royal University, and three professors have been nominated—Pharmakides, Misaili, and Kotogonis. We found in these men, a right cheering acquaintance with the progress of modern theological literature, and a lively interest in science, united with a determined adherence to the old doctrines of the Church. . . .

‘If we look back upon the ecclesiastical condition of Greece, we must be rejoiced to see that the Lord's kingdom is advancing in it; and we cannot but observe, that other Greek Churches which have obstructed the advancement of the sister Church, afford little hope of improvement amongst themselves.’—Pp. 14—22.

The voyage up the Nile, which we subjoin, is, perhaps, one of the most graphic and interesting chapters in which the admirable book before us abounds. It acquaints us with some of the habits of the modern Egyptians and Arabs, and forcibly reminds us of the most striking incidents recorded in the Pentateuch. It is in no small degree calculated to confirm our belief in the truth of the statements made in these portions of holy writ.

After having given a detailed account of the Coptic Church as it exists in Egypt, the learned traveller says:—

‘ We became more fully acquainted with the Coptic Church on our voyage up the Nile, which we soon commenced, as, owing to the height of the water and the extent of the inundations, we were advised to delay our visit to the great Pyramids. For the first time we now began to feel ourselves removed from European civilization. . . .

‘ On the afternoon of the 12th of December, we entered our boat. Besides a covered saloon, it contained two cabins; one appropriated to our baggage, while in the other, two broad divans served as beds by night, and as sofas by day. Two high sails were fastened to the long mast, and from one of them waved our own black and white Prussian flag. The wind was still, and some of the men began to pull the boat; we often proceeded through the sand; or, being carried over by the force of the current to the opposite side, were sometimes driven back in a few minutes to a distance which it was not easy to recover. At the helm we often heard the lively song of the sailors, who were of various shades of colour, from the clearest brown to the darkest black. The others answered the song in a merry choir. The subject of it was generally a religious one, for prayer and expressions of devotion make up a great part of the life of an Arab. A breeze soon sprung up, and our large sails carried the boat swiftly through the rapid stream.

‘ We had provided ourselves with books, to prepare us for the upper part of the Nile, but the multitude of new sights and new impressions prevented us from reading. Boats, announced by the loud call of the sailors, were flying by us every moment; a glance was cast at the flag, to see whether people of the country or acquaintances approached. The Rais, and the dragoman, greeted their comrades, and each communicated, in a few words, the length and object of the voyage, and in a short time all sounds became incomprehensible: or they succeeded, by means of fast sailing, to overtake a boat, with which a race was commenced, lasting for some hours, or even the whole day.

‘ Looking towards the shore, a caravan is seen slowly advancing; a dromedary hastens by; it is the post of the pasha, which regularly travels to Upper Egypt. Large droves of cattle are being driven towards Cairo, though scarcely the half arrive there. Palm groves in the distance indicate a village or a town, built under their shade. The women fill their large stone pitchers with the water of the Nile, and, lightly placing them on their heads, bear them gracefully to their homes, carefully concealing their faces from the passer-by. Again, the eye is attracted by an Egyptian, who, by means of water-wheels,

in the sweat of his brow, "waters the land with his foot,"* or goads on the oxen and asses who draw the wheels. If the zeal of the steersmen or sailors flag, they must be urged forward by a small present of tobacco, or the promise of a fee, or backshish. Suddenly the boat stops, for the constant variations of the water, and the quantity of floating sand, often cause the best navigator to be at fault. The men spring into the water, and soon succeed in making the vessel free again. When Sunday came, we held a service, singing the same choruses, and joining our prayers to those of the churches in the fatherland. The evening, with its glorious sunset, brought us some delightful hours. Short would be such a life in communion with a friend of the heart; and this quiet intercourse had an additional charm for me, after the scenes of unusual activity in which I had been engaged during the past year.

'On the evening of the eighth day, the merry songs of the festival-eve announced the great Bairam. Our sailors would not rest the next morning, until, according to the custom of the country, we had bought a lamb, which was made ready for the evening. At noon we arrived at Manfalut, and the loud sound of drum and fife proclaimed from far the festival-day. Going on shore, we found the people hurrying through the streets to the bazaar, where every one was buying something in honour of the feast. Into whatever house we looked, the inhabitants seemed busy in the preparation of the lamb. A woman came out from one habitation with a basin containing the blood of the slain lamb, which she first sprinkled with her hand on the door-posts, and then poured the remainder on the door; forcibly reminding us of the sprinkling of the blood of the Passover lamb on Israel's departure from Egypt. But no farther connexion could we trace between them.'—P. 60.

Those of our readers who may be anxious to know something respecting the present state of the two mountains 'from whence our help hath come'—Sinai and Golgotha, and the Holy Sepulchre—will find their wishes gratified in the few extracts we here give, and which are worded in a very felicitous and scientific manner, by one of the ablest minds we have the good fortune to be acquainted with. In allusion to Sinai, Dr. Strauss says:—

'The mountain ruggedly descends two thousand feet; presenting, first, a series of low hills, and then a broad plain, which is of an amphitheatrical form, and served as a place of encampment for the children of Israel. They gazed upon the mountain towering above them, like a gigantic altar. Yes—it stands there like an altar in the holiest of all; the rocky summits encompassing it like the choir of a majestic cathedral, and the blue heaven forming its vaulted roof. A sanctuary of God! All traces of a human hand are far removed. No bird sails through the air—no blade of grass is on the rocks! The sky, the rocks, and the sea, stand the only witnesses to the creating power of that Almighty God who made heaven and earth. . . .

'With such feelings, we read upon the summit of Sinai the Ten Com-

* Deut. ii. 10.

mandments in the original tongue—the surrounding neighbourhood wonderfully corresponding to their strength and simple sublimity. The words penetrated our hearts; and we seemed to hear the thunder of the Almighty, and to catch the tone of the trumpet exceeding loud. It was Saturday evening—Sabbath-day. Perfect rest reigned over the face of nature, and no trace of animation was visible. We felt irresistibly raised to a state of holy Sabbath repose. We stood upon the spot which the three great religions of the earth, which confess one true God, amounting to nearly half the human race, have looked with veneration. Jews, Mahommedans, and Christians, here worship the Omnipotent, their God.'—Pp. 121—124.

It is impossible to read these remarks without being deeply impressed with the truth they embody, with the vastness of the subject they embrace, and the fervent spirit of a God-inspired faith which pervades the whole. Truly blessed are they who can think, and feel, and speak as does the pious licentiate of theology! Theirs is that happiness and peace which passeth all understanding, and is the portion only of the children of God.

Among the learned, but chiefly among those who have visited the Holy Land, many doubts have been raised as to the identity of those localities of which mention is made in the New Testament, and which are so intimately connected with tradition. As there are but few authorities to assist the inquirer in unravelling this entangled subject, doubt has, of course, arisen, and the opinions hazarded have been various. Respecting the Sepulchre of our Lord, Dr. Strauss remarks:—

‘Many disputes have lately arisen as to whether the Holy Sepulchre is really the grave of Christ, and whether the spot shown as the place of the crucifixion is really Golgotha. Some have denied as strenuously as others have affirmed it. But if the precise historical authentication of the spot has not been proved, much less has convincing evidence against their genuineness been produced; and as a probability of their authenticity remains after the closest scientific investigation, we readily follow the almost uninterruptedly transmitted tradition since the death of Christ, and recognise in these holy spots Golgotha and the Saviour's grave. The fact of their now lying within the town does not present the shadow of an objection, since Herod Agrippa, ten years after Christ's death, first enclosed Golgotha within the city, it having been previously situated without the first and second walls; and that both the spots have been included in one church since the time of the Crusades, is not surprising, since, according to the Scriptures,* the garden of Joseph of Arimathea was “in the place where he was crucified;” besides which, the towns of the ancients were not so widely extended as our modern ideas lead us to imagine: and, indeed, decided cause must be shown to the Christian Church, ere places can be taken

* John xix. 41, 42.

from her—which, by the hot tears of innumerable believers, and the experiences of mercies there enjoyed by many sorrowing hearts, are associated with all that is most holy and consecrated on earth.

‘The Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands upon a rocky eminence, declining steeply to the north and east. It properly consists of three different chapels, united in one church. Near the entrance to the south is that of the Crucifixion; to the west, that of the Holy Sepulchre; and to the east, united with the long nave of the Greek Church, is the Chapel of the Discovery of the Cross. . . .

‘We will not reason about the traditions respecting other places outside Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre, devoted to the edification of the devout; if the events did not occur on the very spots, they must have taken place a few paces distant; and the pious heart will willingly be reminded by visible objects of the transactions these holy places commemorate. They were formerly divided between eight different nations, but since the last conflagration, belong almost exclusively to the Greeks, who have left the Latin, Armenian, Coptic, and Syrian Christians, only a few spots for the celebration of their worship. The Latins call their chapel that of the Appearance, because here the Lord appeared to Mary his mother, after the resurrection. The Armenians possess the chapel of Helena; the Copts have only a small chapel to the west of the grave; and the Syrian Christians another under the work of the western side of the rotunda. Several of the monks and clergy of the four nations constantly linger about the church for the regular performance of the service; and many of the pilgrims spend some days and nights there, a custom that does not contribute much to the external cleanliness and dignity of the church. It is generally shut, and the provisions are received through a hole; but on Sundays and holidays it is open at the hours of service. It cannot, unfortunately, be a matter of regret that a Turkish guard is there to keep order; for otherwise the contentions of the Christians would be still fiercer than at present.’—Pp. 187—191.

Another brief extract, and we have done.

In reading the account given of the Bedouins, their manner of life, &c., which, as far as correctness is concerned, is borne out by the statements of other recent travellers, the learned Tischendorf among the rest, we were particularly struck with some remarks on the present religious state of that singular people, which well deserve the attention of our missionary societies:—

‘Their religion,’ says Dr. Strauss, ‘is very simple; they, indeed, call themselves Mohammedans, but very few keep the fasts, or make pilgrimages to Mecca. The Koran is almost unknown; and mosques they have none. Their religion has remained the same as it was at the time of Abraham; it is faith in God, who made heaven and earth—who is enthroned in heaven, and from whom every good gift comes. They seek to obtain his favour by strict rectitude, until he calls them from the ranks of the living. As their tenets are less opposed to the Christian faith than those of many other nations, it would be easier for mis-

sionaries to work among them; and if the efforts of true Christian love were successful in arousing them from their religious indifference, which, unhappily, has hitherto been entirely unattempted, they would become living, earnest members of the Church.'—P. 135.

From the extracts we have given, the reader will perceive that 'Sinai and Golgotha' is a work of no common order. To convince himself of this, we strongly recommend its perusal; the more so, as the English version is both faithful and elegant, and furnishes a very favourable specimen of the skill and knowledge of the translator.

ART. VIII.—*Catalogue of Works of Ancient and Mediæval Art, exhibited at the house of the Society of Arts.* London. 1850.

THE temporary collection recently open under the above title, at the Society of Arts, has been of a character previously unknown to England; and in its comprehensiveness and exceeding preciousness, unrivalled, perhaps, in Europe. The value of such collections has been practically recognised in almost every leading Continental city. By the English Government alone—above all by its delegates, whose office it is to be styled 'Trustees' of our national museums and galleries—has this value, in common with so much else, been ignored. One exception must be made, in favour of the Museum of Economic Geology—an institution, into the management of which more vitality and common sense have been infused, than into that of any of its fraternity. Ornamental art as connected with manufacture, and thus with science, is here partially illustrated. Especially we would notice a series of English pottery, recently purchased, which will be accessible when the museum is reopened in its new location in Piccadilly. Until that step was taken, the country which has so greatly distinguished itself in this branch of art-manufacture, supplied no means of forming an acquaintance with the history and progress of such manufacture. The Museum at Sèvres was the nearest point at which such information could be gained.

Towards a comprehensive practical History of Art, and of Civilization as represented by Art, in those remains which afford the most direct and suggestive of all ethnographical evidence, nothing has been systematically attempted. The British Museum, it is well known, has been formed without plan, and managed without intelligence—too common a case, in such matters, unfor-

tunately, with us English. The valuable accumulations it contains have been mainly the result of accident—whether chance purchases, or miscellaneous contributions from private liberality. In the department of art this is pre-eminently illustrated. Such material in this direction as it contains is at once special and incomplete: a very splendid series of Etruscan and Greek pottery, and of Greek sculpture; an assemblage of Egyptian antiquities; a recent accession from Nineveh; while the remaining links in the great series of universal history are left altogether unrepresented, with some few fragmentary exceptions.

The value of such a collection as that of the Society of Arts, though in their case necessarily restricted by its temporary character, and by the exclusion of the unpaying public, is of a very high order, and twofold: in supplying facilities, first, for impressing true principles on the designer; secondly, for enlarging the knowledge of the public. High credit must be accorded to that more intelligent party in the society, who, opposed, we regret to state, by a self-interested and mechanical section of the members, have, among other good works, carried out the above scheme; with the co-operation of a numerous body of antiquarians and collectors. When we consider the impromptu nature of the collection, the success of their efforts was remarkable; and also, very significant evidence of the vast amount of artistic treasure dispersed through private cabinets in England.

On one point, we have a serious complaint to make: the utter absence of Method, the slovenly neglect of rational sequence in the *arrangement*. As a result, one chief benefit of the collection—its historic teaching—was, for the general public, lost. The '*Catalogue*' is systematic; based upon the principle of classification according to material. And the succinct summaries prefixed to each classified group deserve great praise, for their intelligence and appropriateness; contributing to render the Catalogue what, as a whole, it undeniably is—a valuable permanent record. But the arrangement of the collection itself was anything but a worthy companion; casting great discredit on whomsoever were concerned in it. The guiding motive seemed to have been simply the production of a *Show*; of mere prettiness of effect, worthy the ambition of the Housemaid of the establishment. But for the value of the articles displayed, we should have believed that functionary, or, perhaps, an assistant from a neighbouring shop in the Strand, *had* been the presiding genius. In all future attempts, we counsel the Society to call in, not the taste of the housemaid and the showman, but the aid of common sense and of a cultivated insight. And then, instead of a Raree-show, we shall have an instructive, embodied Text-book. In the first case, we have goldsmith's work of all ages promiscuously

huddled together or dispersed; examples of three or four separate epochs of pottery mingled indiscriminately; and to one kind (Henry II. of France ware), a place apportioned among ivories and wood-carvings; of these latter, again, other specimens scattered elsewhere. In the second, we should have one consistent, ordered series, grouped strictly according to material, and, above all, chronologically, and in distinct sections: so that, even at the first glance, a meaning should be obvious to the most cursory observer; and by others, more attentive, a comprehensive historic summary be read. Even to the connoisseur, such a series would be highly interesting; though *he* could dispense with it—possessing within his own mind the key to such a disjointed nightmare of an arrangement as the Society's. But by half the visitors of the late collection, we doubt whether any but the vaguest notions were brought away: of general splendour of effect, and preciousness of art, realized in the productions of many ages. The patient comparison of catalogue and collection, and the mental effort requisite for unravelling the net, few were likely to give. This result was the more lamentable, as the sacrifice of method was needless. In any case, splendour of effect had been inevitable.

We have one other suggestion to make to the Society, or its managers: that a more liberal courtesy be shown in forwarding the views of such, as like ourselves, may be desirous of frequenting their exhibitions for a literary purpose.

The immediate purpose of the exhibition was to aid, indirectly, our manufacturing efforts for the Great Exhibition of 1851; to supply an influence for good upon English design. The collection was certainly relevant in that aspect; but the ensuing interval is too brief, and our present system, or no-system, of decorative design, too firmly established, to allow much room for hope in this direction. Invigorated copyism we shall undoubtedly have, of some of the myriad forms of beauty thus assembled. How far this is in itself desirable, is more than questionable. The real benefit which could not but accrue, is of a far more certain and unmixed character: the popularizing works of highest beauty, and the witnesses of healthful systems of artistic working; the indirect enforcement of true principles, and the direct increase of the general knowledge of times too little understood at the present day by the majority. Through such means as these, quite a new light may reveal itself to the eyes of many. New aspects of the past, and new relations of the old to the new, will, one by one, present themselves to those not wholly incapable of thought. But the exhibition was too temporary an one to accomplish very much, even in this way; to complete the work it began. The phrase most current among the visitors was still,

how curious! rather than, *how true!* or, than better still, perhaps, no phrase at all, but silent digestion of the lessons with which those works of art were pregnant. Irreverent wonder, or vague admiration, rather than intelligent appreciation, were the prevailing feelings. The most are still unprepared for the *study* of such things; for apprehending them from the right point of view.

‘Ancient and Mediæval,’ the exhibition was styled. But the latter and larger section was mediæval in a very loose sense; as much or more Cinquecento and Renaissance. A greater proportion of work purely mediæval, as also of mediæval *English* work, was much to have been desired. The perfection attained in all strictly *decorative* design of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, similar to that realized in the architecture, of which it was the attendant, would then have been more obviously and adequately enforced. This preponderance of sixteenth and seventeenth century-work was an inevitable consequence, perhaps, of the prevailing direction in which the attention of our ordinary collectors is aroused; and of the far greater paucity of remains from the more remote periods.

Classic antiquity was represented by a series of Etruscan pottery, and Roman bronzes, and cameos. From the East, were a few choice scattered examples: embossed and enamelled weapons; specimens of Damascene work; and, above all, an exquisitely graceful, faery vase, lovely in contour, and purely oriental in ornamentation—outline subordinated to the most delicate effects of colour, produced by lapislazuli and precious stones: a vase this, eloquent of the magic and fancy of the ‘Thousand-and-One Nights.’

Thus, the three leading divisions of ornamental production, in which true principles have been exemplified, after three so distinct types—classic antiquity, the mediæval time, and the Oriental nations—all, in one way or another, put in their appearance. An exhibition, permanent or temporary, of sufficient extent to admit the *adequate* illustration, not only of mediæval, but also of classic and Oriental art, would, indeed, be necessarily large; but also, inconceivably rife with significance and suggestion. It would place before us, by proxy, all hitherto-realized, true developments. By the Orientals, especial attention would be claimed, for a due representation of the general case;—of the relations borne by the ornamental art of the East, to the other members in the great family group of universal art.

There was, however, no lack of significance in the array of works mostly mediæval or akin, to which the exhibition in question was confined. The universal application of *art*—and of art in directions with which we of the present day are little accus-

tomed to connect it, even in thought—was, perhaps, of all the mute utterances conveyed, in the general effect, the most prominent and irresistible. Throughout every material, throughout every stage in the continuance of the mediæval spirit, so long as it existed *at all*, however transmuted, we found the same unmistakable impress of *art*; of devotion of studious human thought and patient human labour, to this one end—the imparting a harmonizing, æsthetic significance to every work of man's hand; of an outward speech to the dumb utility. The objects exhibited were, for the most part, costly examples of this system; the more elaborate illustrations of principles, in substance, equally demonstrable through simpler work. The ability for the æsthetic transmutation of utilitarian objects, is equally manifest *throughout* those times which we may call the Artistic; and even though the article were a novel one, as a time-piece, the very introduction of which did not take place till late in the period under review. Whether it be golden chalice or iron-lock, embroidered cope or earthenware dish, the prized reliquary preserved with religious care in the sanctuary, or the armour to be shivered on the morrow by the hostile spear, nay, the very sword-blade itself; all speak conclusively, to the same spirit:—to the lavish clothing with art of every production of man's ingenuity; the earnest endeavour towards harmonizing his works, even as God's works are harmonized; the emulation of nature; the union of use and beauty; of the eloquent spiritual speech with the material result of mechanical power. The mediæval artist, too, had often more difficult problems to solve than the Grecian; and just in those cases where the utmost cost was lavished. The Greek had never to convert to the purposes of art, an object intrinsically so little adapted to that end, as a reliquary: a severed hand or foot in metal, or a heart, representing the supposed sacred treasure within. Yet this we see effected in the mediæval workman's hands; and not alone by the expenditure of mere wealth of material, of which there was truly sufficient outlay, but of art also, through the agency of ornamentation, of studied, and often exquisite character.

One of the most remarkable facts witnessed by the exhibition, was the comparatively recent period down to which refined artistic feeling and execution survived in European ornamental art. In goldsmith's work, the old traditions seem especially to have lingered, until a very late epoch. Of Charles II.'s time, the English works in gold, though of questionable merit in form, are *executed* with truest artistic skill, and on right principles; with freedom from incongruousness and excessive pretence. One of the fairest glories of the collection, for artistic conception, and for the beauty of its workmanship, was a work in ivory and gold, of the Norwegian

artist—Magnus Berger, of the end of the seventeenth century. The same state of art is illustrated in other materials. There was an embroidered coverlid of the beginning of the eighteenth century, as harmonious in colour, good in effect, and true in principle, as though it had belonged to the golden time. The early European porcelain again, of the same date, manifests a feeling for form and colour, it would be vain to look for in the perfected manufacture of the concluding part of the same century. And testimony, we well know, might have been supplied to a similar effect, by classes of production of that time, wholly unrepresented on the late occasion: wrought-iron work, wood-carving, hand-worked plaster, &c. The fact is, far more of the old life then survived in ornamental art, than in the higher art. More of the old culture in workmanship was still traditionally carried down in the work-shop. And the less the pseudo-classic, architectural forms of the day were introduced in the system of decoration, in other words, the more it was purely *ornamental*, the greater the success. The period, moreover, of which we speak—the close of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth centuries—was immediately precedent to one of Transition; of transition to a new system: from education of the art-workman in the workshop, to education in the school, or—as in England—to none at all; and from handwork to machine-work: that system, not as some would have, necessarily too strong for art; too strong, only because our art has hitherto been too weak.

Still more notable than the comparatively late date of good ornamental art, is the *earliness* of it; in its strictly individual character, as distinguished from capability for correct design of the human form. In the exhibition, there were not many examples of Byzantine workmanship, such as would most conclusively have manifested this. But among the costly remnants of the luxury and pomp of the mediæval Church, were Romanesque (or ante-Gothic) and early Gothic examples: enamelled croziers, crosses, reliquaries, &c.; wherein, though the representation of the human form is a mere distortion, yet true principles, of duly conventionalized natural type, harmonized blending of colour, strict subordination and congruity of ornament, legitimate flatness of ornament, and others, are all, to the full obeyed; far more consistently, in fact, than in the later Gothic time—still more than in the cinquecento. And, as purely ornamental art is considered, a justness and beauty of effect are realized, not to be surpassed.

To take the exhibition in detail, the majority of the examples may be divided into two classes. First, are those, just as characteristic of the mediæval period, as of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries:—namely, goldsmith's work; works in

enamel, in niello; iron-work; sculpture in wood, ivory, &c.; armour, and embroidery. Secondly, come those classes of production of which the beginning is due to the earlier, but which attained their full development in the later, period: ornamental domestic glass, decorated pottery, clock-work, bronzes. These arts take a wholly different aspect, accordingly, as viewed or not, in these their legitimate relations. The last-named classes are, in substance, characteristic of the era of '*Revival*,' and more especially of Italy. The former are equally, and, in some cases still more, characteristic of the mediæval time; and indigenous to Europe generally.

The distinguishing *artistic* feature separating the period of '*Revival*' from earlier time, and Italy from the rest of Europe, is the extreme refinement developed at that time and in that country, in executive skill, and in all wherein superiority of higher design had play. We see this, in the modelling of the figure in goldsmith's work, in the delicacy of workmanship in the jewellery of that palmy era; as much as in the exquisite cameo, and the general perfection, technic and æsthetic, of the bronzes.

Equally characteristic is the choice of *subject*. During the *fourteenth* and *fifteenth* centuries, subjects taken from Scripture, or from ecclesiastic tradition,—Christ, the Trinity, or other dominant symbol,—adorned the warrior's armour as the priest's vestment; the early decorated earthenware dish as the sacred chalice. The sculptures in ivory, in wood, in stone, all—with an occasional exception in favour of popular Romance, the literary lever of the time—are occupied with sacred, or traditionally sacred, story; with '*Virgin, Saint, and Babe*.' In the *sixteenth* century, on the other hand, shield or breastplate, each precious vessel not for the immediate service of the Church, each costly luxury—the ivory, the bronze, the rich enamel—all bear witness to the same great change in feeling, in the reigning artistic religion. Classic myth and classic history rule supreme. For Guardian Saint, we have '*Scenes from the Life of Julius Cæsar*;' for Virgin and Magdalen, Diana and nymphs; for Christian symbol, bacchanal and satyr.

In *form*, we see in mediæval decorative art an artistic tendency, wholly distinct from the classic; as distinct as was that of its architecture and its sculpture, and in like manner characteristic. The leading lines in the form of a Gothic cup or other vessel, are as individual as those of a Gothic building. Perfection of purely æsthetic refinement is exchanged for the predominance of character and suggestiveness. It was the most fatal loss in the mixed styles of the fifteenth (trans-Alpine) and sixteenth centuries, that, in forsaking the settled Gothic

forms, and the margin of their ordered freedom, they fell into mere uncertainty and confusion. Missing the purity of the classic models on the one hand, and unguided by Gothic feeling on the other, they could realize but a jumble of their own, untrue to any system of æsthetic lines; though, as we have said, the ornamentists of that time made up for such shortcomings, by previously unrivalled finish and executive power, and also by the fullest luxuriance of '*motive*'—of thought, within their range of pseudo-classic subject. And the memorable men, *Cellini, Albert Durer, Holbein, &c.*, who have lent such lustre to that period, and earned for themselves so high and individual a renown—widely different in their fate from their unrecognised predecessors—were men who would have occupied the foremost place at any era.

In the precious metals, many of the exhibited examples of late Italian work, such as the glorious series representing the Triumphs of the Dorias, were of surpassing beauty; for the art and skill lavished upon them, the truth and delicacy of the modelling, the nicety of the execution. We trace, however, in these very aspects an aberration from the true principles of *decoration*—of art subservient, that is, as distinct from art dominant. The system which has run such great lengths in our own day, of confounding these two, of converting ornament into the overlaying of independent, incoherent design, is due in its origin, to that time; with this difference: *then*, the utmost artistic skill was employed, and the artist and workman followed one style, and that one their own; *now*, there is the dearth of such skill, and the glut of 'styles.' Decoration began to be not ministrant, but the main feature. This is incidentally manifested, in the turning enamels into *pictures*: the change from encrusted and translucent, to painted enamel. Not only, as we have just seen, in their characteristic *forms*, but in obedience to the natural conditions of decorative design,—from which the earlier artists had not learned to wander, traditionally and half instinctively adhering to them, do the works of preceding time, in gold and silver, enamel, &c., occupy the highest place. As an example of the utmost splendour, combined with due subservience of decoration, we would refer to the elaborate and consummately beautiful King John (of France) cup, of the fourteenth century—the palmy time with Gothic art.

In wrought iron-work, a few specimens, of perforated panels, of locks, keys, coffers, &c., were exhibited; very valuable as illustrative of the art and character developed in this material, in the mediæval period, for the most utilitarian purposes. Some means, also, of comparing earlier simple work, with the florid detail of later Gothic and cinquecento, were afforded. A much

fuller series could alone properly illustrate the resources and progressive changes of mediæval iron-work.

Among sixteenth-century works, the exhibition was eminently rich in those, wherein the advanced design of the time enabled the artist to realize before-unapproached excellence, of its kind. The assemblage of ivories, wood-carvings, bronzes, and Damascene work, it was, in which that time was represented, with peculiar emphasis, and irresistible effect. The ivories of Fiamingo, the shield of Cellini, the elaborate rosary of Holbein—these are productions commanding unqualified homage. Never was art carried further in such matters.

The series of sixteenth and seventeenth century Italian and German pottery was of high interest; though in value marred, by mal-arrangement. In the earlier examples of the German wares, we had adherence to sacred illustrations. In the Italian, by some brilliantly enamelled majolica ware, with its elaborate classic designs, ample testimony was borne to the reigning classic dynasty of the time. One or two early specimens there were, however, wherein sacred types, or ‘arabesque’ design—of a class, to our mind the most appropriate, most purely ornamental,—witnessed the lingering influence of religion on the one hand, and of the original moresque models on the other. The variance of excellence from the high-class drawing and colour of the sixteenth, to the far lower art of the seventeenth century, was also illustrated; to those taking the trouble to single the one from the other, amid the general medley of the Society’s arrangement. In Colour, the peculiar richness for which this ware is famed, had a most striking and beautiful effect; not only in each of the separate examples, but in the general mass, as they were grouped together; the whole forming at a distance, a true painter’s ‘bit.’ The few specimens of the Palissy and Henry II. (of France) wares, exhibited that questionable mixture and grotesqueness of form, combined with genuine originality, the æsthetic characteristics of those styles.

The series of Venetian and German glass offered much interesting suggestion. The high species of art employed in the engraving of the Venetian ornamental glass, was well illustrated by many small articles; and, above all, by some mirrors, bearing engraved central figures, as well as engraved decorations around the rim. Of the enamel-painting of the German glass there were specimens, interesting both for their technical success, and for their prevailing character of subject—allegorical or homely; manifesting a nationality very distinct from that of the Venetian manufacture. The same thing is obvious in the German types of *form*; these being individual and characteristic. The prevailing spirit of the Venetian forms is, in like manner, widely

opposed to that alternation of miscellaneous copyism with spasmodic attempts at 'novelty,' of our own day. These forms bear the impress of an active and real school of art; are either happy and original adaptations of the antique, or fresh experiments, sometimes refined, sometimes grotesque, but always genuine and characteristic.

As manufactures, upon which the last stage of a living system of European art had exerted its influence, these two classes, of pottery and glass, together with that of clock-work, have an interest of their own, and meaning, for us of the present day. There were many miscellaneous features in the exhibition we cannot here stay to notice. The especial value of the exhibition consisted, and its especial teaching for the modern designer—and still more, perhaps, for the modern student of Art—and of the Past, lay in its testifying, generally, to the purely decorative design of the Middle Ages, in all its reality and fulness of life, and refinement of skill.

ART. IX.—*Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution, in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806.* By the late Rev. Sydney Smith, M.A. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

How much discussion would be spared, if psychology and ethics had a terminology as accurate as mathematics, or as expressive as chemical science. Words are the veriest tyrants, and they have a power which tyranny can seldom gain—the power of exciting intense attachment on the part of those who submit to their authority. Every day men are framing the absurdest propositions, and are prepared to kill and die in their defence. Thousands have been burnt or hanged before now for maintaining (for example) or denying that 'common terms' represented actually existing things. The affirmative proposition has really no meaning; and yet some of the severest struggles of the Middle Ages originated in discussions connected with it, and whole nations were excommunicated for denying it. Happily that question is settled; but others remain. Definition and grammar are still, therefore, among the great instruments of human happiness. They overturn the tyranny of speech, and free us from the chains of that horrible *logocracy* by which the minds of men are so often enslaved.

We insist the more on the importance of definitions, in noticing the work named at the head of this article, because, while it may do much to strike off those chains, it does something, in its very title, to rivet them. It contains sketches on *moral* philosophy without a word on morals. This apparent confusion is, no doubt, apologized for and defended by some illustrious examples; but it will certainly injure the book; and it contributes to the perpetuation of a vicious nomenclature, entirely needless. Every one knows what is meant by *natural* phenomena, and that these phenomena form the basis of *physical* science; what by *mental* phenomena, and that they form the basis of *psychological* science; and what by *moral* phenomena, and that they form the basis of what ought to be called *ethical* science. This appropriation of epithets of *Latin* origin to the phenomena, and of epithets of Greek origin to the sciences, is so obvious and convenient that all writers ought to adhere to it. At all events, the distinction between natural, mental, and moral, ought to be preserved: the first two including the science of facts, natural and mental; and the last, the science of duties, in their origin and relations.

This nomenclature, it will be noticed, makes no use of the word *metaphysics*—a word of ‘dire sound and horrible import,’ which may be reserved with advantage for another purpose. It has really no relation to its meaning, however that meaning may be defined; and as a word is wanted to designate a large department of human inquiry, mental, natural, and moral, we venture to suggest that this term be applied to it. Aristotle classed under this term all those sciences which men may be supposed to study *after-physics*—such as rhetoric, political science, and logic. And this is its meaning with him—*after-physics*. More modern writers have confined it to the psychological department of ethics. Dr. Chalmers wishes it applied to a new science, whose business it shall be to treat of the relations and connexions of all the sciences. But the most appropriate use that can be made of it is, as we submit, to apply it to the science of abstractions. In physics, the ideas of space, time, motion, and substance, are properly abstract ideas; as is the question of what constitutes the essence of virtue, whether emotion or action, in ethics. In psychology the nature of the soul belongs to the same class. In all departments of inquiry we find such questions, half-external, half-mental; and if the whole were regarded as belonging to metaphysics, our nomenclature would be so far complete. Metaphysics is, therefore, on this principle, the science of abstract terms, whether these be formed from physics, psychology, or ethics; an arrangement not without the authority of great names, though, unhappily, not so generally recognised as we think it deserves.

Applying these definitions to the work before us, it may be said to treat *not* of ethics, but exclusively of psychology, the science of the mind, in its two-fold province—the intellectual and the active; and these provinces it examines in relation both to the abstract and the practical.

So regarded, these lectures are peculiarly interesting, and the author's friend and adviser, Lord Jeffrey, has done well in recommending Mrs. Smith to publish the volume, that the public at large may have the pleasure and benefit of perusing it. Of several of the lectures, but fragments have been preserved; and though we do not regard them as sibylline leaves, we concur in the judgment, that the book is 'full of good sense, acuteness, and right feeling; is very clearly and pleasingly written; and with such an admirable mixture of logical intrepidity, with the absence of all dogmatism, as is rarely met with in such discussions.' Happily, the work is not ethical. For such a department, the keen, hard, sarcastic qualities of the author—never malevolent, however—unfitted him; as they did also for the higher department of theology. But as it is psychological, his strong sense and shrewd discernment appear to great advantage. It may, perhaps, be objected that themes so grave are treated with less than becoming dignity. The fault, however, should be forgiven for its rarity, and those who have learnt to connect the idea of dull propriety with metaphysical discussions, may readily find an opportunity elsewhere of pursuing their studies without shocking their prejudices or vitiating their taste.

The qualities of these lectures may be best tested by a perusal of x. and xi. on wit; of xvii. and xviii. on the faculties of animals and of men; and of ix. and xix. on the conduct of the understanding. The first two display very considerable analytical power—the last admirable sense; and the second exhibits all the characteristic humour of Peter Plymley's Letters 'to my brother Abraham.' After quoting the well-known description of Barrow—that wit 'sometimes lieth in a pat allusion to a known story, sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, &c.,' and objecting to it as an exemplification, rather than an explanation, of what he had to define, the lecturer proceeds to criticise various definitions. Dryden defined it 'as propriety of thoughts and words, or thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject.' 'And yet,' says Mr. Smith, 'I never heard "Blair's Sermons" praised for their wit; and Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" is something much better than a witty poem.' Pope defined it as,

'Nature to advantage drest,
Oft thought before, but ne'er so well exprest.'

'Then,' says Mr. Smith, 'the "Philippics" of Demosthenes,

and the "Funeral Orations" of Bossuet, are witty.' Sir R. Blackmore calls it, 'a series of high and exalted ferments.' Mr. Locke's notion is, that it 'consists in putting those ideas together with quickness and variety wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, in order to excite pleasure in the mind'—a definition that includes both eloquence and poetry. 'Resemblance,' moreover, makes the definition too wide, and *quickness* of comparison too narrow. 'Wit,' says Johnson, 'is a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike.' To which our author objects, that if it be true, the discovery of the resemblance between diamond and charcoal is a pure piece of wit, and 'full of the most ingenious and exalted pleasantry.'

On the whole, Campbell's definition is least exceptionable. 'Wit,' says that clear and strong thinker, 'is that which excites agreeable surprise in the mind by the strange assemblage of related images presented to it:' a definition which is faulty, because including the sublime and the beautiful, as well as the witty: though Mr. Smith thinks, in spite of its defects, the best extant in the English language. He himself defines it as 'the discovery of those relations in ideas which are calculated to excite surprise,' and illustrates his definition by various examples. He insists, especially, upon the fact, that surprise must be the prevalent feeling, in order to justify the epithet of witty, and that a strong impression of the *utility* of a relation is injurious to, and of its beauty or sublimity is destructive of, its wit. The general effect of witty sayings may, indeed, be heightened by strong sense and useful truth; for in such a case the mind readily perceives what part of the pleasure arises from the mere relations of ideas, and what from their utility. But in the case of what is sublime or beautiful, the feeling of wittiness is (in Mr. Smith's view) entirely dormant. Rochefoucault's apophthegm, for example, that hypocrisy is a homage which vice pays to virtue, is felt to be both witty and useful. The Hindoo epigram, 'that the good man rewards injury with kindness, as the sandal-wood, while it is felling, imparts to the edge of the axe its aromatic flavour,' is, on the other hand, too beautiful for wit; and the lines of Campbell, in the address to Lochiel, are too mysteriously sublime:—

'Tis the sunset of life gives *me* mystic lore,
And the coming events cast their shadows before.'

Of *pure* wit, several happy examples are quoted, illustrative of the distinction which Mr. Smith has drawn. His practical remarks on the value and abuse of this faculty are admirable:—

'I wish,' says he, 'after all I have said about wit and humour, that

I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality of any particular mind. . . . It must always be *probable* that a *mere* wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations, of ideas that are *useful*, but to discover the more trifling relations, which are only amusing. So far, the world, in judging of wit, where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dulness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decisions upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. . . . When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it; who can be witty, and something much *better* than witty—who loves honour, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature, and its effects are seen in “expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief.”—P. 150.

Here there is much truth and good sense; the strains that follow are of a still higher mood:—

‘I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule—give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance. . . . But learn from the earliest days to inure your *principles* against the perils of ridicule. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear—do it not for insolence, but *seriously* and *grandly*—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm; resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him, who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.’—P. 134.

If we had picked up the following scraps in Cheapside, we should have sent them, as a matter of course, to the late Dean of St. Paul's. They are equal, for strong sense at least, to anything he ever wrote:—

‘Another piece of foppery which is to be cautiously guarded against,
VOL. XXVIII.

H

is the foppery of universality; of knowing all sciences and excelling in all arts—chemistry, mathematics, algebra, dancing, history, reasoning, riding, fencing, Low Dutch, High Dutch, natural philosophy, and enough Spanish to talk about Lope de Vega. In short, the modern precept of education very often is, “Take the admirable Crichton for your model; I would have you ignorant of nothing.” Now *my* advice, on the contrary, is, to have the *courage* to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything. I would exact of a young man a pledge that he would never read Lope de Vega; he would pawn to me his honour to abstain from Bettinelli and his thirty-five original sonneteers; and I would require from him the most rigid securities that I was never to hear anything about that race of “penny poets” who lived in the reigns of Cosmo and Lorenzo di Medici.’—P. 100.

‘The first thing to be done in conducting the understanding, is precisely the same as in conducting the body—to give it regular and copious supplies of wholesome food, to prevent that atrophy of mind which comes on from giving it no new ideas. It is a mistake equally fatal to every faculty to think too early that we can live upon our stock of understanding—that it is time to leave off business, and make use of the acquisitions we have already made, without troubling ourselves any further to increase them. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an inference, and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it. . . . A man who will not pay this price (of hard labour) for distinction, had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox—or sport with the tangles of Neæra’s hair—or talk of bullocks, and glory in the goad! There are many ways of being frivolous, and not a few of being useful: there is but one mode of being intellectually great.’—Pp. 96, 97.

Young and old are alike chastised in these pages:—

‘Nothing, in my humble opinion, would bring an understanding so forward, as the habit of ascertaining and weighing the opinions of others—a point in which almost all men of abilities are deficient; whose first impulse, if they are young, is too often to contradict; or, if the manners of the world have cured them of that, to listen with attentive *ears* only, but with the most obdurate and unconquerable entrails. I may be very wrong, and probably am so, but, in the whole course of my life, I do not know that I ever saw a man of considerable understanding respect the understandings of others as much as he might have done for his own improvement, and as it was just he should do. . . . I touched a little, in my last lecture, upon that habit of contradicting into which young men—and young men of ability, in particular—are apt to fall; and which is a habit extremely injurious to the powers of the understanding. I would recommend to such young men an intellectual regimen, of which I myself, in an earlier period of life, have felt the advantage—and that is, to assent to the two first propositions that they hear every day; and not only to assent to them, but, if they can, to improve and embellish them. . . . When they have a little got over the bitterness of assenting, they may

then gradually increase the number of assents, as their constitutions will bear it; and I have little doubt that, in time, this will effect a complete and perfect cure.'—P. 284.

To such as are pleased with these specimens, we heartily recommend this acceptable volume.

ART. X.—1. *Second Triennial Report of the British Anti-state-church Association.*

2. *The Nonconformist*, April 10, 17, and 24, and May 3, 1850.

3. *The British Banner*, April 3, 10, 17, and 24, 1850.

ALTHOUGH works on prophecy are already numerous, we would fain have one addition—to wit, a collection of the unfulfilled prophecies of uninspired seers. We would have enumerated the prognostications with which ignorance and prejudice have met some of the most signal achievements of scientific and inventive genius; the forebodings of the unthinking and the timid at the progress of ameliorative innovations, and especially the vaticinations, conscientious or malignant, never more freely indulged in than when it has been sought to apply great moral and political truths to the business of legislation and the ordinary affairs of life. Such a record could hardly fail to be instructive, and would certainly be entertaining. Nor would the evidence furnished by it of the fallibility of human judgment, however ripened by culture and exercised with deliberation, be the most surprising feature. Passion and feeling would be seen dominant over irrefragable reasoning and the stern reality of fact; astute intelligence, hoodwinked, and self-deceived by the shallowest delusions; truth mistrusted and unloved, even while receiving ostentatious theoretic homage; virtue, wisdom, and patriotism, occasionally in temporary but ill-omened alliance with their ancient foes. Most humiliating of all would be the apparent disregard, by successive generations, of the lessons suggested by the errors and short-sightedness of their predecessors; and their proneness, even while boasting of their own advanced position, to cast obstructions athwart the path of others desirous of reaching a point beyond.

Without wishing to apply them to the occasion, except in a very modified degree, we yet acknowledge that these reflections have been suggested by the holding of the Second Triennial Anti-state-church Conference; for, say the committee, in

the Report presented on that occasion, 'had the predictions ventured upon by many at the commencement of this enterprise been realized, not the second alone, but even the first Triennial Conference of the Anti-state-church Association would never have assembled.' It will, doubtless, be remembered, that not only was the movement regarded as born out of due 'time,' but its originators were not 'the men' for the occasion, and their experiment was to issue in a series of follies and disasters. Their measures ill-judged, their spirit unlovely, and their language intemperate, they were to do serious damage to a cause worthy of discreeter championship. Churches were to be divided by the introduction of a new element of discord, and authority weakened by the unyielding pertinacity of the new propaganda. All who refused to co-operate with them were to be the subjects of bitter vituperation, and to be constantly pilloried as hollow and half-hearted. Their fierce invectives against the Church would alienate Churchmen accustomed to reciprocate civilities with Dissenters, and their Quixotic pursuit of an abstraction would expose Nonconformity to ridicule; while, by alarming Whig statesmen, it would retard the redress of practical grievances.

The only comfort remaining to these prophets of evil was the apparent inadequacy of the resources which the crusaders had at their command. But few of the Dissenting rulers had believed, the official cliques were decidedly hostile, and the metropolis especially was but slightly affected by the contagion. Denied the means and appliances deemed indispensable for the success of Dissenting movements, it could at the best be but a spasmodic effort. The hot-headed zealots would expend their energies in the preliminary outburst, and even the deeper-seated determination of others would be worn out by friction with the gigantic difficulties to be encountered. Pecuniary embarrassments would consummate their failure, and after two or three years of fruitless labour the millstone of debt would sink the organization beneath the waters of oblivion!

We shall make no comments, ill-natured or otherwise, upon these predictions; since we are content to point out their substantial, and in many respects egregious, failure. The Anti-state-churchmen have had sufficient good sense to avoid running their heads against every wall in their way. They are even allowed to have displayed some of that judgment and tact which become men placed in circumstances of difficulty and responsibility. Even unscrupulous recreancy has been compelled to acknowledge that the experiment has been made 'with the utmost care and well-devised effort;' and has been marked by 'energy, skill, and perseverance, such as are seldom brought

to any enterprise.* So far from their platform exertations being largely leavened with acrimonious reflections on unfriendly Dissent, they have been more wisely directed to the enlightenment of perplexed and inquiring Churchmen. Narrowly and jealously watched as have been all their movements, surprisingly little has been alleged to their discredit. Such, indeed, has been the estimate formed of the general tenor and spirit of their proceedings, that even those not identified with them have not withheld the expression of their generous admiration; and, as we happen to know, recent events have led many to avow their anxiety that the same temperate and dignified course might be yet pursued. Neither have 'the sinews of war' been wanting, the funds, however inadequate for such a work, having been obtained with regularity, and year by year been increased; and the Association being still, as it has always been, 'free from the entanglement of debt.' Most surprising of all, there are even now no symptoms of flagging, but the reverse. 'After six years of labour,' say the Executive Committee, in their Report to the Delegates, 'some of them unmarked by indications of success—not attracted by the charm of novelty—impelled by no artificial stimulant—with the certainty that the wished-for goal is not yet at hand, and is deemed by some to be beyond attainment, you are assembled, from all parts of the kingdom, to declare, on the part of yourselves and of the thousands whom you represent, your unshaken faith in the principles of Christian voluntaryism, and your inflexible purpose to win for them, sooner or later, the practical homage of the people of these realms.'

All this has not been, as in the nature of things it could not be, without its effect on those who, from timidity or distrust, hesitated at the outset to connect themselves with the Association. We have among us high-minded and ingenuous individuals, too wise to assert their infallibility, and too magnanimous to refuse an acknowledgment of mistake—and hence men, like the late Dr. Hamilton, and Mr. Ely, and Mr. Hinton, Mr. Samuel Morley, and Mr. Davies, with many others in a less public sphere, have gracefully acknowledged their shortcomings, and identified themselves heartily with the organization. Another, and a somewhat numerous class, who still decline taking such a step, adopt language greatly differing from that employed a few years since. They speak of the Association and its operations in terms of respect, and take particular pains to satisfy its friends that with its object they fully sympathize. We are, of course, aware that there are others who still openly, and, as we allow, conscientiously, avow and manifest hostility to all agitation for giving practical effect to Anti-state-church principles. We

* 'British Banner,' April 17, 1850.

refer to the fact regretfully, and not without a feeling of concern for the parties themselves. It is by no means gratifying to see men who have been in the van of Dissenting movements gradually consigning themselves to public oblivion. We have some knowledge of the extent to which this process of alienation is going on, and we predict that, on the next occasion which calls into array the hosts of Nonconformity, a conscious loss of influence on their part will afford painful evidence of the result. We refrain from saying all that occurs to us touching another, and less honourable, class of opponents—the men who, in their coteries, seek to damage the Association by oracular whisperings and cowardly inuendos, aimed at its more conspicuous friends. We are thankful that the spirit of misrepresentation has been driven into comparative privacy; and still more, that these and similar indications of what exists in certain quarters of Dissent are attracting the thoughtful attention of an increasing class, who are solicitous for conformity to a severer standard of virtue than has always been observed in the conduct of our public affairs.

The Second Triennial Conference of the Anti-state-church Association was an event which would in any case have been anticipated with interest, as an occasion for testing the state of public feeling in relation to the society and its object, but unlooked-for occurrences invested it with special importance. A hitherto friendly journal, supposed to possess considerable influence, had suddenly wheeled round into opposition, and exhausted all its resources to damage the policy it had formerly supported;—another organ of Dissent, also a professed ally, at the same time preserving an ominous and suspicious silence.* It was not, however, to be anticipated that an attack of such a kind could seriously, if at all, affect a movement which had grown strong by its triumph over far more formidable obstacles. The only real ground for apprehension was, the possibility that feelings of disgust and indignation might display themselves in unseemly acts and an unchristian temper.

The Conference, which assembled in the Theatre of the City of London Institution, on the 30th of April last, was in all respects worthy of the occasion, and in harmony with those expectations which the previous operations of the Association had naturally suggested. In spite of every adverse circumstance, no less than 550 persons were delegated, or about three times the number attending the National Reform Conference, held in the previous week—a fact to which we refer, not invidiously, but as one worthy of note by those radical reformers,

* The 'Patriot' had a highly laudatory article *after* the Conference had assembled, and when its success was ascertained.

both in and out of the House, who regard the Anti-state-church movement as too feeble to be taken under their patronage. But the number present, however gratifying, was not the most significant fact in connexion with this Conference. Most of the large towns in England and Wales were represented on the occasion. From some of these the number of delegates was unusually large. Leicester sent a band of 17; Norwich, 13; Bradford, 8; Northampton, Bristol, and Ipswich, 7 each; and Leeds, 6. The delegates also, in most cases, represented far more numerous constituencies than at the first or the second Conference. Thus, it was stated, that, whereas the delegates from Bristol formerly represented but one or two hundred of the inhabitants of that city, in this instance they were appointed by several public meetings, one of them numbering 2,000 persons, and that convened for the purpose, and sustained entirely by local resources. The Manchester delegates also were nominated by a meeting of 5,000 persons; and those from Birmingham by one nearly as numerous. Scarcely less satisfactory is it to know that many of the smaller places were represented by individuals from the spot, instead of, as heretofore, by friends resident in the metropolis. For the information of those who look less to the muster-roll than to the balance-sheet for the criteria of success, we may add, that the amount required to defray the expenses of the Conference, about £360,* was raised before its sittings had closed.

Equally favourable and emphatic is the testimony to be borne to the spirit which animated the entire proceedings of the Conference. Conferences are liable to peculiar perils. An assembly of 500 men, with their varied idiosyncrasies, for the most part strangers to each other, and assembled under exciting circumstances, may be pardoned individual displays of rashness, loquacity, or undue warmth. But the Conference on which we are now remarking stands in need of no such apology, inasmuch as it was marked by the entire absence of these undesirable characteristics. We doubt, indeed, whether any similar body has ever exhibited, in a greater degree, strength of conviction combined with dignified circumspection, enthusiasm tempered by gravity, and manly decision blended with generous and genial feeling. They who looked forward to a display of 'spleen, malice, rage, misapprehension, perversion, misrepresentation, misquotation—everything but downright falsehood'†—as a

* This includes the cost of subsequently publishing and circulating the Report of the Proceedings, and the various papers read at the Conference.

† British Banner, April 24.

seasonable addition to their literary capital, were altogether at fault in their uncharitable reckoning. The Executive Committee wisely abstained from all reference to what had already received undue notice out of doors; and the Conference appeared to be no less resolved that the moral influence of its acts should be impaired by no manifestations of mere personal hostility. 'There is,' said the Rev. Andrew Reed, in the admirable and stirring speech with which he proposed the adoption of the Report, 'a noble passage that cannot be too frequently quoted among us — "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." If it be asked, what is our answer to rumour, and clamour, and objection? I presume our best answer is that of Nehemiah, "We are doing a great work, and cannot be hindered." '*

Largely composed of men of business, the Conference proceeded to its allotted work in a business-like spirit, and with a commendable desire to discuss broad principles, rather than consume valuable time in dwelling on minute details. Mention should also be made of the wisdom displayed in the selection of chairmen, in the persons of Dr. Acworth, Mr. Burnet, and Mr. Samuel Courtauld, under whose judicious presidency the proceedings were conducted with unbroken regularity and with singular unanimity from the commencement to the close.

With respect to the proceedings themselves, we must content

* We must not allow this reference to Mr. Reed to pass without adverting to his letters, and those of Dr. Campbell in reply, which were published in the 'Patriot,' of May 16th and 20th. We should be sorry to say all we think of the latter. Rather than have penned the closing sentences of Dr. Campbell's first letter, we would have suffered the loss of a right hand. The English language does not contain anything in worse taste or more abhorrent to the Christian temper, and we regret that Mr. Reed did not permit his indignation fitting utterance in reply. It is as though the writer were concerned to give *The Congregational Union* still more conclusive evidence of the folly of committing its interests to his temper and judgment. Mr. Reed, in his first letter, challenges the report of the Congregational Union, furnished by the 'Patriot,' as 'unfair and one-sided,' and specifies several instances in support of his allegation. Dr. Campbell meets this 'with a flat contradiction,' and indulges in sweeping charges, which he fails to prove. We have taken some pains to ascertain from other and perfectly independent sources the truth of the matter, and have no hesitation in saying that it lies wholly with Mr. Reed. We do not speak unadvisedly, but have good authority for saying that Mr. Reed's letter is everywhere thoroughly trustworthy, without quibble or suppression. The reply can only be intended to impose on persons not present. It is Jesuitical and tortuous. Its whole course is along the margin of the false, and sometimes within it.

It should be borne in mind, that the 'Patriot' and the 'Banner' belong to the same proprietary, are under the control of the same Business Committee, and are issued by the same publisher. The only distinction with which we are acquainted, is that of a separate editorship. These facts will enable the public to estimate the testimony borne by one of these journals to the other.

ourselves with remarking that the programme was varied and comprehensive, and embraced several topics of great practical interest at the present period. The schism in the Establishment, occasioned by the Gorham case, was referred to as an incentive to 'vigilance, activity, and unabated exertion,' as developing 'the purpose of a great proportion of the Anglican clergy to transfer the ecclesiastical property vested in the State to the exclusive possession of a clerical party, in defiance of the rights, the political interests, and the religious sentiments of the people at large.' The same topic, with other ecclesiastical events of recent occurrence, was also the subject of a forcible appeal to conscientious members of the Church of England. The co-operation of 'the Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain and Ireland' was similarly invoked in an address, proceeding, as we learn, from a Wesleyan pen, in the discussion on which we were gratified to find the Rev. Mr. Griffith, and other active members of the Reform party in the Wesleyan body, taking a decided part. A paper on 'the Provincial Press, in relation to the Anti-state-church Movement,' supplied much suggestive information, which we commend to the special attention of those friends of the Association who are resident in populous localities. In prospect of Mr. Roebuck's motion in the House of Commons, the Irish Church was the subject of an elaborate and valuable resolution, containing an epitome of the facts and arguments to be urged against the continued existence of that most oppressive and corrupt institution. Other resolutions, insisting on the importance of checking the growth of State-churchism in the colonies; calling public attention to the clergy-compensating clauses of the Interments Bill;* and resolving on a renewed protest against the continuance of the *Regium Donum*; give proof of the watchfulness of the Anti-state-church party, and the possibility of combining a resistance to

* That the subsequent activity of the Executive Committee to this Bill has not been without effect, is evidenced by the amendment of the compensation clauses. On this subject, a well-known and able writer in the 'Standard of Freedom,' under the signature of 'John Pym,' says:— 'The Anti-state-church Association, although it has an aggressive title, is really a defensive society. It is the State-pay principle which is daily trying to extend itself in the legislation of the country. One day it establishes the payment for the education of the Irish priesthood; another, it endows Colonial bishoprics; on a third, it arranges to pay the schoolmasters of all sects; and on a fourth, it demands of all men a perpetuity of funereal sinecures, with the alternatives of delivering up the money, or delivering up their health. Had there been no Anti-state-church Association, long ere now the Irish priesthood would have been completely endowed. It is now the only organization to confront this new and unparalleled iniquity. Men who oppose it practically, help the erection of new Establishments, and the infliction of burial robberies. Never mind the words of any man—read his acts. The tendencies of his deeds are *his* tendencies.'

'practical grievances' with the systematic assertion of abstract principles.*

In looking at the elements of which the Conference was composed, we were much struck with the amount of available strength which it had no occasion to employ. Men whom even Dr. Campbell deigns to consider 'influential,' were at the service of the Conference, but their active help was not needed. There was enough and to spare.

The Triennial Report of the Executive Committee is an admirable document, deserving of much notice, as affording a comprehensive view of the efforts put forth by the Association, and the means of estimating its actual progress. We shall not, therefore, be presuming too much on the patience of our readers, if, passing by that part of the Report which has reference to what may be termed the working of the machinery of the Organization, we quote some portions which relate to the measures adopted in pursuance of its object.

'As the most effectual means of attracting public attention to the magnitude and importance of the society's object, they (the Committee) endeavoured to make a more extensive use of the platform, by the multiplication of public meetings and lectures. Such a course, it is evident, involved greatly increased labour and expense, numerous difficulties, and, in some instances, considerable risk of failure. In many of the towns the society had previously made no effort, and the proposal to broach the question of the separation of Church and State before a public audience was regarded even by friends as a bold and somewhat hazardous experiment. But calculating fully on popular sympathy, and encouraged by a succession of ecclesiastical occurrences singularly calculated to give effect to their appeals, *they resolved that in every district of the country which they might select as a field of operation, they would pass by no town in which it was possible to make an entrance and to collect a public audience.*

'The extent to which they have been able to realize this design is

* The connexion of the late treasurer of the Association with this journal, would, under ordinary circumstances, prevent our quoting the resolution passed respecting him. Those circumstances, however, must plead our excuse—if such be needed—for placing on permanent record the following vote, which was prepared without the slightest cognizance of Dr. Price:—
'That this Conference has heard with unaffected concern that Dr. Price is precluded, by the state of his health, accepting a renewed appointment as treasurer to the Association. That it desires to express its deep sense of the value of his services, rendered not only in discharge of his official duties, but in his hearty participation in the difficulties and responsibilities attendant on the formation of the society, and his subsequent devotion to the furtherance of its interests. That it now, on his retirement, records its unabated confidence in, and esteem for, his high character, and indulges the earnest hope that his life may be long spared, and that he may yet be permitted to render assistance to the society as a member of its Executive Committee.'

a source of devout thankfulness and joy. Notwithstanding every obstacle in their path, they are able to report that *between five and six hundred meetings*, of various kinds, have been held in connexion with the Association during the past three years, *being nearly three times the number previously held*. The majority of these have been attended by efficient deputations appointed by the Committee, or by the society's lecturer, and some thousands of miles have thus been travelled in fulfilment of engagements which have, in almost every instance, been punctually observed.

'Nearly all the English counties have been thus gone over. The first-class towns have been visited by deputations at least once a year, and some of them with greater frequency. A series of very successful meetings has also been held in the principal cities of Scotland. The towns in South Wales have been twice visited. To these labours of the Executive Committee must be added those of the Local Committees, who, in several instances, have followed them up by numerous lectures and public meetings entirely sustained by local resources.'

Those only who have had experience of the labour and difficulties attendant on popular agitations, can fully appreciate the toil and anxiety which must have been undergone during such a campaign as that here described. It is evident that the society's resources, both personal and pecuniary, must have been taxed to the utmost, and with respect to the latter, it is matter of wonder how means so small have been found adequate for operations so extensive.

'The meetings have not only been numerous, but in the majority of cases have been highly effective. *The largest public buildings in the kingdom—not excepting even the Free-trade Hall, Manchester, and the Town-hall, Birmingham, have been the scene of these gatherings*; and though the doors have been thrown open for the admission of all, and, on some occasions, a strenuous opposition has not been wanting, *in no one case have the majority of the audience given a hostile verdict*. These meetings have also usually been conducted with a degree of decorum which has reassured the timid and the hesitating, while it has greatly served to promote the object for which they were convened. They have been characterised by other features equally gratifying and important. Members of the Establishment, whose attendance has, in all cases, been especially invited, have largely availed themselves of the opportunity of viewing in the light of sound principles the perplexing events occurring within its pale; and Dissenting ministers and laymen, whose co-operation must be regarded as a gain, have frankly acknowledged a change of views in relation to the movement, and expressed a hearty desire to give it their support.'

We are aware that it has been sought to depreciate the value of these popular gatherings, by asserting that they neither prove anything, nor have effected anything; to which has been added, the very suspicious objection that the energy and money expended on them had far better have been employed in seeking 'a revival

of religion! Nothing is easier, it is said, than to obtain and excite public audiences, which assemble and then disperse, leaving matters just where they were; they are no test whatever. Now this is either childishness or mendacity—in the one case to be pitied, and in the other contemned. It is a species of logic which would prove anything; and, in this instance, proves a great deal too much—seeing that it cuts away the ground from under the objectors themselves, who rely on precisely the same species of evidence as indicating the progress of pet projects of their own! To suppose it possible that, in hundreds of public meetings, vital principles, such as are involved in this controversy, have been expounded, in many cases with distinguished ability, and in all with earnestness, and at a time peculiarly adapted to predispose men in their favour, and that, notwithstanding, no advance has been made in the work of public enlightenment, is to give proof of an utter want of faith in the power of truth, and an equal absence of capacity for aught but a blind leadership of the blind. We think it difficult to evade the force of the following passage from the Report:—

‘The Committee feel justified in asserting, that upon no public question whatever have there been gathered together a greater number of large and enthusiastic public assemblies than have been convened on this question during the last three years. *Thus much they could not always allege*—for where thousands have been recently assembled, hundreds only were once present; and where success has now been complete, there had not unfrequently been previous failure. Without, therefore, attaching to them undue importance, and still less accepting them as precursors of an early triumph, they may yet be regarded—as *are similar demonstrations in connexion with other public movements*—as clearly indicating that the British people are prepared to enter upon the full discussion, with a view to the ultimate settlement, of this great question.’

The proceedings of the Committee in relation to legislative movements are next adverted to. On two occasions they have vindicated the integrity and consistency of the Dissenting body by resisting, in the House of Commons, the Parliamentary grant, known as the *Regium Donum*, and these ‘emphatic protests’ are to be, if needful, again and again repeated.

‘The Committee promptly acted upon the information received by them in the year 1848, that a long-rumoured measure for the endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland was about to be submitted to the legislature; publicly declaring their determination to meet such a proposal with the most resolute hostility, and, in doing so, to occupy, as a broad ground of opposition, the fundamental principle of the Association. To whatever cause the abandonment of their intention by the Government is to be attributed, the discussion which took place on the question undoubtedly exercised a decided influence in giving a right direction to public opinion, and in establishing a principle

of action on the part of Anti-state-churchmen, from which they are not likely to depart on any future occasion.'

They have further availed themselves of the opportunity of testing the sincerity of those members of Parliament who, at the last election, professed opposition to any extension of the system of ecclesiastical endowments, by opposing those clauses of the South Australian Colonies Bill, by which grants for ecclesiastical purposes are, however slightly, increased, and cannot be discontinued by the Colonial legislatures without the consent of the Home Government. In doing this, they have failed to accomplish more than give seasonable expression to their principles.

The subject of the Irish Church Establishment has been brought forward with increased prominence, and but for the contemptuous waywardness of the member for Sheffield, would have been made the object of a specific and vigorous agitation. The work of petitioning on the general question has also been commenced, and is now to be carried on with increased energy, as tending 'to familiarize the minds of the public, and of our legislators, with the idea that this question must eventually be the subject of a decisive conflict, the arena of which will be the British House of Commons.'

We attach considerable importance to what may be designated the political department of the society's labours. If voluntarism be an abstraction, its opposite is by no means such; but, on the contrary, is continually developing itself in new and tangible mischiefs. Dissenters have, therefore, to wage a double warfare; to uproot established evils, and to resist their growth and multiplication. Now, it must, we think, be admitted, that there have been occasions when, to serve a temporary purpose, they have been content to keep their principles somewhat in the background, and when in united committees, and in deputations to Downing-street, Nonconformity has been exposed to grievous misrepresentation. We are glad to believe that there now exists but little likelihood of a repetition of such mistakes; and at all events, that while the Anti-state-church Association exists, and pursues its present decided course, the trumpet will give no uncertain sound. Whatever may be the prospect of success, right principles will be rigidly adhered to, and boldly advocated.

One of the most interesting features of the Report, is the bird's-eye view it gives of the internal conflicts which have been going on in the Establishment during the last three years, to the influence of which, it is freely acknowledged that the Association is mainly indebted for the prominence of its present position. We quote the reference to 'the zealous and courageous labours of Mr. Horsman, to obtain a reform of the

Establishment,' for the sake of the sentence with which the paragraph closes:—

'His pertinacious inquiries have exposed prelatial and clerical greediness in its full proportions—have exhibited the dignitaries of the Establishment as the unscrupulous conservators of the corruptions which impair its efficiency as a professedly religious institution—have proved how large a portion of its revenues are devoted to no religious use—and have gone far to demonstrate the inefficacy of all corrective measures for the removal of abuses which are essentially connected with the existence of a Church established by, and worked by the machinery of, civil government. Deeply do the Committee regret at such a crisis the absence of a band of men, however small, in the House of Commons, who, on such topics, and on all suitable occasions, would give bold and full expression to the great truths which they are charged with enunciating, and would avail themselves of occurrences so favourable for the inculcation of sound views on the subject of politico-ecclesiastical legislation, as those which have, during the last three years, so largely occupied the public mind.'

But while Anti-state-churchmen are hopeful, they are also sufficiently sober-minded to estimate the real magnitude of the work on which they have entered, and hence the Committee conclude this portion of their Report in the following cautionary terms:—

'But, gentlemen, gratifying as is this survey of public affairs, you would but ill discern the signs of the times in concluding that your hand may now be slackened as in prospect of an easy victory. Auspicious as are these occurrences, they are chiefly valuable as opportunities to be turned to good account by vigilance and activity. The State Church in this country is an institution which will not be allowed to fall without a struggle more or less lengthened and severe. Indications of weakness will stimulate its supporters to renewed efforts to prolong its existence. Its decaying walls will be buttressed up by new erections, and even reformatory measures will be so skilfully modified as to open fresh sources of emolument and confirm exclusive privileges. Hence it should be regarded as the special duty of earnest Anti-state-churchmen to cast the seeds of truth into the wide breadth of soil now first broken up—to give a right tone to new national movements—to prevent the resettlement of the question of State Churches on any other than a sound and solid basis—and to render it impossible for ecclesiastical hierarchs or worldly statesmen to erect on the ruins of the present system one which, while less repulsive in its deformity, will yet indefinitely postpone the great reform upon which their hearts are fully set.'

It is this continuous struggling, this growing intensity, this ever-varying form of difficulty and danger, which tries men's souls. They who have wearied of but six years of working and waiting, have, perhaps, shown their wisdom most in abandoning what was clearly never their mission—'they went

out from us, because they were not of us.' The men at the head of this movement are 'made of sterner stuff,' and their associates, as we confidently believe, are largely imbued with their spirit. We envy not the man who could hear unmoved the impressive language in which Mr. Miall addressed the delegates shortly after the opening of the Conference :—

'I do trust, at all events, that this Conference is not in pursuit of success as its object, but is in the prosecution of its duty. I know not that any Christian man can laudably, and in a right spirit and tone of mind, pursue a Christian duty, who sits down and begins to calculate, as the very basis of his resolution, what are the difficulties with which he will have to contend. I hope that we shall never cast a false glare of allurements over our enterprise. Let us have none of those who are simply caught by glare and sunshine. We want earnest men, for we shall have earnest work to do. This is but just the beginning—the struggle is at hand. Let those who are not prepared for disgrace leave us here. Let those who are not prepared to buckle up for work leave us now. Depend upon it, ours has been hitherto mere child's play. It is when our blows are felt, when our enemy is provoked, we shall begin to feel the hardness of the struggle. When customers will be lost—when the frown of respectable ladies must be met—when Sabbath evening hearers must, if necessary, be given up—when every form of petty persecution will be employed to break down the spirit of those who are engaged in the advocacy or support of this work—it is then we shall find of what stuff our hearts are made. If we have not got a deep, earnest persuasion of the truth of the principles of this Association—if we cannot lay hold, with the firm grasp of faith, on whatever has been promised by the Head of the Church to those who, on behalf of truth, are willing to give diligence, and self-denial, and exertion—if we cannot simply confide ourselves to the bare word of God—we had better leave off now.'

Here we should close, but a fierce onslaught has recently been made on the Association, to which we must briefly advert. We do so reluctantly. There are, however, occasions when force must be put on inclination at the stern call of duty. Such an one has just occurred in connexion with the Anti-state-church Association, and it will be for the healthy conduct of our ecclesiastical affairs that it should be duly noted. It is now nearly thirty years since we entered into public life. We have been thrown amongst men of all shades of opinion, and have not been wholly unobservant of what was passing around us. We have seen much to deplore. Many things have pained us, and a sickening sense of human presumption and infirmity has occasionally taken possession of our minds. Yet we deliberately affirm, that we have rarely seen, in connexion with a religious profession, anything equal to the recklessness, arrogance, gross misstatements, and palpable inconsistencies, which have been evinced by the editor

of the 'British Banner,' in relation to the Anti-state-church society. We pity, from our very soul, the man who is subject to such gusts of passion, and would gladly leave him to the oblivion to which he is consigning himself, did we not feel that a bad example is infectious, and that some, possibly, may yet be influenced for evil by the presumption, spleen, and untruthfulness he has exhibited.* We shall, therefore, dwell for a few moments on the unattractive theme, with a view of exposing the spirit of this attack, and of thus guarding the public against the future mischief which may threaten from the same quarter.

We need not attempt to vindicate the Association. The Conference recently held has done this triumphantly. The assault was fierce. It was intended to be deadly. It was the movement of an incensed and bitter enemy, whose virulence was infinitely greater than his power. It was from no merciful purpose, but from sheer inability, that the thrust did not prove fatal. The editor of the 'British Banner' mistook, in truth, his position. With characteristic modesty he imagined that the hearts of the country were in his keeping, and that he had only to announce, in his own peculiar style, '*We* no longer stand identified with the Anti-state-church Association,' to induce thousands to desert its ranks, and leave bare the place of its gathering. Happily, the Nonconformists of Britain knew their principles better, and they bestirred themselves accordingly. What they did, and the manner in which they did it, are matters of history, and will be rightly appreciated when the petty vanities and insufferable arrogance of would-be-leaders are held in merited contempt. The palpable inconsistencies of the assault are most marvellous. On the third of April, an article appeared in the 'Banner,' which every reader understood to be an attack on the society. It announced, in capitals, the important fact of the editor's secession; sought to awaken the fears of the timid, by proclaiming the existence of 'a school of anarchy;' described Mr. Miall and Dr. Price as the arch-heretics; and more than insinuated that the influence of the Association was employed by them for evil. And all this was done, be it remembered, without one syllable of complaint having been addressed to the society, much less to the gentlemen named. Dr. Campbell was a member of the Committee up to the very time he became a public assailant; but such are his notions of propriety, that he preserved profound silence where he ought

* There is much truth—far too much to be readily forgiven—in what the editor of the 'Baptist Magazine' said in 1845, 'that it is not the destiny of the editor of the "Christian Witness" to be written down by any other pen than his own.'—*Baptist Magazine*, 1845, p. 198. Dr. Campbell has laboured hard of late to accomplish this prediction. With a self-sacrifice not often witnessed, he has sought to place beyond doubt the sagacity and truth of his brother editor's vaticination.

to have spoken, and threw grave charges recklessly about him, when he ought, in the first instance, at least, to have been silent as the grave—and yet he assumes the character of a public censor, and pronounces, with the authority of an oracle, what other men should say and do. A more disgusting exhibition of self-sufficiency and self-ignorance, we never witnessed. What followed in the three successive numbers of the 'Banner' is strikingly illustrative of the truthfulness of Dr. Campbell's mind, and of the consistency of his views. We print the passages in parallel columns, that their beautiful harmony may be more readily apprehended:—

'How any man who really read our article (April 3), could arrive at the conclusion that it was an attack on the Anti-state-church Association, is to us utterly incomprehensible, and we are scarcely able to reconcile such a conclusion with integrity.'—*Banner*, April 10.

'We have no reply for those who, to serve a purpose, whether of pique or party, may deem it decent, at the expense of truth, to represent us as hostile to the Anti-state-church Association....

'It has, in our view, been an utter failure; there seems no rational ground whatever for believing that it can, in any possible way, ever contribute to the accomplishment of the assigned object. . . .

'We submit, therefore, that it is folly to persevere in the so-called organization. . . . A lengthened experiment has now been made, and, although more has been done in this way than was ever done before, still the result is such as utterly to extinguish all reasonable expectation of success, in this way alone, for centuries to come.'—*Banner*, April 17.

'As the matter now stands, the entire British nation is eligible to membership. Doctrinal views, and personal profession of religion, are matters of no concern whatever; nothing more is required than agreement on the single object of the separation of Church and State. According to the fundamental principle, Lord Bolingbroke might have been president; David Hume, treasurer; Edward Gibbon, secretary; and Thomas Paine, travelling agent; while the French Directory, of bloody fame, might have formed the acting committee. There is nothing to have prevented this in the constitution. Is it possible to contemplate such a fact without horror? The thing has but to be stated to settle the question; to men of rightly-

constituted mind, we presume, argument is needless—it is an impertinence, almost an insult. They will instinctively exclaim, "O my

soul, come not thou into their secret, and to their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united! . . . Who ever heard the voice of prayer in any meeting of the Anti-state-church Association in this great metropolis? There the devout and the ungodly, both in the highest degree, meet and mingle; and, while it is expected that the wicked, from courtesy, shall not swear, it is provided by statute that the pious shall not pray. No! The inscription on the organization seal is, virtually—*THERE IS NO GOD!*—*Banner*, April 24.

The consistency of these passages, occurring, be it observed, in three successive numbers of the same journal, it is not for us to establish, neither should we attempt to reason with any man who affirmed it. If Dr. Campbell imagines they hold together, he has a logic with which we are unacquainted.

The suspicion was not unnatural, that he was unwittingly led on in his attack by other occurrences which had happened in his editorial career. He himself appears to have surmised that something of the kind would be imagined, if, indeed, conscience did not suggest that such was really the case. At any rate, he explicitly denies the fact; and our readers will be better able to judge of the worth of his denial, when they have compared it with the Note which we print by the side of the editor's statement. Let it be borne in mind, that the review of Mr. Miall's volume, on which Dr. Campbell founds grave charges, appeared in the January '*Eclectic*,' and that Dr. Brown's review of Mr. Gilfillan's work was published in the number for February.

'The second Triennial period of the Anti-state-church Association is now expired, and in this day's paper will be found a statement of our views of the policy of its extension to another. That statement is made solely from a sense of public duty, and would assuredly have appeared, although the events had not occurred which led to our own withdrawal, as announced a fortnight ago. Some such statement, indeed, had been resolved upon previously to the '*Eclectic*' affair. It is not, therefore, to be put down to the score of the events just referred to, although such events alone, we think, all things considered, would render it in the highest degree expedient that the Association should be brought to an end, as the most efficient mode of dealing with a serious evil. . . .

'This circumstance (the Second Triennial Conference), would have

'Feb. 5, 1850.

'We had seventeen columns over-matter, and it is doubtful whether you can get in at all; but *most anxious to serve you, and the great cause you are so worthily advancing*, with a very slight abridgment, I am trying, &c.

'Yours truly,

'J. CAMPBELL.

'To the Secretary of the
Anti-state-church Association.'

led us at this time to do as we are now doing (recommend the dissolution of the Association), altogether apart from the considerations aforesaid. *To this our minds had been made up before the special case relative to heresy and "anarchy" arose.*—*Banner*, April 17.

Where a purpose of secession has been formed, under such a conviction as Dr. Campbell now avows, it is not usual to entertain the anxiety here expressed; neither are men accustomed in writing to the secretary of an organization, which is described as 'an utter failure,' to speak 'of the great cause you are so worthily ADVANCING.' If there be consistency and truth in such things, we plead guilty to a want of the perceptive faculty. 'The Eclectic affair' happened in February at the latest, *prior* to which, we are told, 'some such statement' as appears in the 'Banner' of April 17th, was resolved upon, and yet, on the 5th of February, the above Note was penned. Either the Note of February was insincere, or the statement of the 'Banner' is untrue. Dr. Campbell may choose which alternative he pleases.

But the society has proved a failure, a total, absolute, failure, and that, too, notwithstanding the skill and energy with which its affairs are admitted to have been conducted. Such, at least, is the present averment of its accuser, though his statement, if admitted, would reflect rather on others than on the society. We thank him for his admissions, which nothing but overwhelming evidence could have extorted, and confidently leave our readers to judge of the reliance to be placed on other parts of his statements.

'After a period of six years, then, *what is now the position of the society* in relation to the Nonconformist body? Has it materially advanced, either in London, or in the provinces? We do not hesitate to avow, that it has not in either. In the metropolis, where are its acquisitions? The mass of the ministers are still opposed to it, and no chapel, so far as we know, has been opened for its service, that was not opened at the first; and even some of those are closed. Nor is there the slightest prospect of advance, but much the contrary. Matters stand precisely the same

'Have the writers of this address (Address of the Wesleyan Conference) to learn that *no small portion of the most successful ministers of Great Britain are most zealous Anti-state-churchmen?* Have they still to be informed, that the whole body of Scottish Dissenting ministers, of every communion, are zealous Anti-state-churchmen?—comprising a Wardlaw and a Russell, a Young and a Brown, a King and an Alexander,* and *a multitude of others* every way worthy of this high fellowship.'—*Banner*, Sept. 27, 1848.

* The Association comprises not

* There is no room for quibbling here, the ministers named being not only Anti-state-churchmen, but members of the Anti-state-church Association.

as to the provinces; with a very slight exception only, there has been no conquest of influential men. All the great towns and cities are still indifferent, or hostile to the movement. . . .

'The organization, after all, is, and was from the first, very much an affair of a name. . . . The organization comprises but a few, a very few elements—a few hundred pounds and a few individuals; these pounds and those individuals withdrawn, there would be an end of the concern. . . . The wonder is, all things considered, not that so little, but that so much, has been realized. Nothing but energy, skill, and perseverance, such as are seldom brought to any enterprise, could have accomplished so much. The organization, however, we repeat, is much more a name than a thing. Deducting the zealous itinerant labours of Mr. Kingsley, and a few deputation movements, what remains of the labours of a year? Absolutely nothing.'—*Banner*, April 17.

Manchester was powerful; the ministers of Leeds have come forward in a body. . . . The Congregational Union of Scotland are most hearty in the cause, and sent as delegates three of their best men. The Rev. J. H. Hinton, Secretary of the Baptist Union, at first strongly adverse, has now come boldly and cordially forward; and to this valuable acquisition is to be added that of some of the most eminent men of the New Connexion and the Association Methodists.'—*Christian Witness*, June, 1847.

Like all other associations which seek to act on the legislature through the medium of an enlightened public judgment, the resources of the society have been largely expended on meetings, held in various parts of the kingdom. These, as we have seen, have been numerous, and largely attended, and Dr. Campbell formerly regarded them as important and hopeful. Let us now see how he contrives to eat his own words. As in other cases, he here supplies the best answer to himself. His memory is

* It is well known that since the first Triennial Conference, the operations of the society have been doubled.

a few of the best, wisest, ablest, most thoroughly Christian and patriotic men of the times.'—*Banner*, April, 3, 1850.

'The value of this Association is not to be estimated by either its publications or its lectures. It is the visible embodiment of a portion of the true Nonconforming spirit of the empire. The Triennial Conferences are a representative concentration of that spirit. . . . *Did the society exist simply for the calling of conferences, without either publications or lectures, the institution would be one of incalculable importance; while its publications and lectures, of course, greatly enhance its value.*'—*Christian Witness*, June, 1847.

'The history of the *first three years** of this society does honour to those able and devoted men who have taken the lead in its affairs. *The result has exceeded all reasonable expectation, and is unlike everything of the kind hitherto known among us. Prejudice is rapidly passing away, and confidence extending. The accessions have been numerous.* The delegation from

evidently as defective as his judgment is unsound, and his temper irritable :—

‘ *Public meetings are no test whatever upon such a point. The announcement of two or three noted names, will always command an audience anywhere upon any subject. The theme, moreover, is captivating on other grounds than those of religion. It makes provision, in the hands of a certain class of advocates, for the rich gratification of some of the worst passions of the human heart. The roasting of a bishop, too, amid the blazing fires of a fervid rhetoric, is a rare pastime to the populace.*’—*Banner*, April 17, 1850.

‘ The Report next speaks to the subject of lectures and *public meetings*, on which, we think, the society ought to expend its main strength, as *the importance of these can scarcely be overestimated.*’—*Christian Witness*, June, 1847.

It was not to be expected that the *character* of the meetings of the Association should escape censure. They are, of course, vilified in a style of wholesale defamation, at which we should smile if graver and more painful feelings were not excited. Let our readers compare the statements we subjoin—looking rather at the general complexion and tone of that of 1848, than at particular expressions—and let them then say what they think of the *morale* of the man who could pen the sentences quoted from the ‘ *Banner* ’ of April last :—

‘ It has ever appeared to us that its meetings, in this metropolis, bore a peculiarly earthly complexion, which can be explained only by a reference to the spirit of those who mainly compose them. They have ever appeared to us to be deplorably wanting in the spirit of piety. We never saw an Anti-state-church assembly in which the spirit of the mere natural man did not seem wholly to prevail over the spirit of the Christian man. The aspect of such assemblies has ever seemed to us to be essentially that of the world ; their ruling element appeared that of the earth rather than that of heaven—with which neither the gospel of Christ nor the spirit of

‘ Our readers will find, in another column, a special report of the Anti-state-church meeting, held in the Queen’s Concert-rooms, Hanover-square. . . . That such a hall should be obtained for the purpose of arguing the great question of Church and State, adversely, reflects no small credit on those with whom it lies to arrange such matters. . . . It was worth going some way to see the excellent member for Westminster, himself an Episcopalian, and a man of high Christian character, standing forth, &c. . . . Never before did he make such a demonstration, in the midst of the aristocracy and in the face of the world. . . . As to Mr. Gardner, we need say

Christ had much, if anything, to do.'—*Banner*, April 24.

nothing more than that his speech was one of superlative excellence, indicative alike of genius, culture,

Christian principle, and political philosophy. . . . Another circumstance, which we hail with special satisfaction, was the appearance of Mr. Kershaw. . . . Public demonstrations are not altogether in unison with the calm temperament, and the modesty, which marks Mr. Kershaw's character, but there are times when duty demands a sacrifice of personal preferences. It will be found, he frankly stated, that he considered the time to have come for a public and bold avowal of his views on this great subject—views which he had long cherished in his mere private capacity. We hope that multitudes of those Nonconformists, in the same condition of life as the member for Stockport, will come to a similar conclusion; and stand forth to add the weight of their character, station, and influence, in support of this great cause.'—*Banner*, June 14, 1848.

But it is not on the alleged failure of the Association simply, that its abandonment is urged; the signs of the times are against it, and the old plea for inaction is put forth with characteristic recklessness. Let the Doctor speak for himself, and the reply shall be in his own words. Hansard is proverbially unpopular on the ministerial benches. What must our assailant think of the 'Christian Witness' and the 'Banner' of former days?—

'It appears to us that the time is come for suspending, if not altogether surrendering, all organizations seeking the separation of Church and State by direct attacks. . . . Have patience! Let tyranny and rapacity have time to swell to their full dimensions. . . . From that strife you may safely *stand aloof*. . . . If anything for a little can stay the progress of those events, and add for a season strength and stability to the Establishment, it will be such a moment (query, movement?) as that proposed by the formation of the Anti-state-church Association. . . . You have but to wait the appointed time, and you shall see with joy the triumph of Him who is head over all things to his Church.'—*Banner*, April 17.

'Nothing should be left untried to unite all that fear God among the Dissenters in one holy league and covenant against this colossal system of error, evil, distraction, division, and persecution. As a matter of civil policy, this is the *first* duty of every British patriot; as a matter of Christian piety, it is the *first* duty of every enlightened subject of the kingdom of Christ.'—*Christian Witness*, April, 1844.

'In such matters it is childish to talk of "providential appointments"—or worse; it is trifling with sacred things. "Manifest call!" . . . You may find it in providence: this is clearly the great question of the times. . . . They who now can find "no call" in these directions, but wait for another, are likely to wait for ever.'—*Banner*, Sept. 27, 1848.

The inconsistency of the following is too glaring to escape notice, and bespeaks, of itself, the virulence of the attack which

has been made. Even Dr. Campbell must blush when comparing his present with his former self. Though the first paragraph is nominally that of 'the remonstrants,' it is clearly intended to express the views of the editor:—

'We, said the remonstrants, hope as confidently as you, that the severance will be effected, but it will be by other and very different means from those you propose to employ. . . . The Church herself will, perhaps, have a large share in the work.'—*Banner*, April 17.

'If reform is to come at all, it must come from without; it will never come from within the Church—that is, from the bishops and dignified clergy.'—*Christian Witness*, Sept. 1847.

One more quotation, and we shall gladly turn from this repulsive exhibition. Nothing but a strong sense of what was due to one of the best and noblest organizations of the day, would have induced us to dwell on it so long. Had personal inclination been consulted, we should have been silent, but the cause of truth, vilified and fiercely assailed, demanded the service we render. Few things are more repulsive than the language of religion from intemperate lips,—a profession of special regard for the spirituality of the Church in connexion with bitterness of spirit and calumnious averments respecting others. Such things are the staple in which some men deal, and we hesitate not to charge them on the recent doings of the editor of the '*Banner*.' We cannot conceive of anything more adapted to foster the prejudice which unhappily prevails against evangelical truth, than the loud and boastful professions of religious zeal which he has intermingled with asperity, mortified pride, and slanderous statements. He is eminently skilful in insinuations—leaving an impression beyond the strict import of his words; and thus securing a retreat whenever it may be deemed expedient to deny the guilt charged upon him. It is some consolation, however, that even here he has, by anticipation, furnished an antidote in the language with which, on other occasions, he has defended himself. Let our readers compare the following:—

'Your power is your piety—not your gregarious, piebald organizations; in proportion as your members increase, your zeal burns, and your graces shine, you will tell upon the understanding and the consciences of the adherents of Establishments; your policy, therefore, apart from higher con-

'Will this answer (a passage of the address of the Wesleyan Conference) satisfy intelligent, reflecting men? Does it not beg the question? Does it not assume what is not proved—that they who engage in this enterprise (the Anti-state-church movement) are indifferent to their spiritual charge?

siderations, as the shortest and surest method of severing the Church from the State, is, to promote the triumph and reign of true religion in the land. . . . We think the great work of the day ought to be the revival of religion in the midst of the churches, and its extension throughout the whole land.'—*Banner*, April 17.

Is not this to put forth a claim of superior sanctity for themselves, and to set it up as a plea for the neglect of an important duty? Is it not here insinuated that opposition to the Church and State is incompatible with the efficient discharge of pastoral functions?'—*Banner*, Sept. 27, 1848.

We have done, and now leave it to the Nonconformists of Great Britain to judge between the Anti-state-church Association and its assailant. If his temper and discretion, the soundness of his judgment, his rectitude, purity of motive, and unselfishness, command their confidence, they will, of course, pronounce against the former; but if they fail to recognise these qualities, they will cling to the society the more firmly from its having become the object of his bitter enmity. Of their decision we entertain no doubt. The course which is applauded by such journals as the 'Watchman,' 'Record,' and 'Morning Herald,' cannot have the approval of the Dissenters of England, and we look, therefore, with unfaltering confidence to the future. It is well to know our enemies. A false friend is a source of weakness, and from this danger the society is now exempt. We hasten to dismiss the assailant and the assault, pitying the one and smiling at the other. In the discharge of our duty, as journalists, we have called things by their right names, and know no reason why we should not do so. It would have been far more pleasing to write in a different strain, but conscience would in such case have accused us of unfaithfulness to truth and to God.

Since the above was in type, we have seen the 'Banner' of June 19th. A more miserable affair we never read than the so-called 'Editorial Address to the Baptist Churches of Great Britain,' &c. It has all the untruthfulness and malevolence conspicuous in other productions of the writer, without a particle of the force he sometimes displays. We never met with a duller or more pointless thing, and hope it will be widely read by the parties addressed. To those parties we say, in Dr. Campbell's *own words*, and with infinitely more truth, 'The article seems to have been specially prepared for the weak, less worthy, and less intelligent portion of your community. It could not be meant for the men of sense; its authors could only hope that, by them, it would be overlooked, or, if seen, endured.' Our note on page 112 explains the special bitterness of the writer's allusions to the editor of the 'Baptist Magazine'—

a man as superior to his accuser in modesty and sterling rectitude, as he is inferior in trickery, vaunting pretension, and arrogance.

How even Dr. Campbell could venture to print what he has written, respecting the reference of that gentleman to the article in the 'Church,' is marvellous. Common decency ought to have counselled silence on such a point, after what he had done in the matter of Mr. Miall's volume and the 'Evangelical Magazine.' But we cease to wonder at any thing from this quarter.

Of the extracts given, we say nothing. The writers of most of them are evidently uninformed on many points of the case; and one, at least, ought, for very shame, to be silent in any matter pertaining to the 'Eclectic.' On a perusal of the whole address, we cannot better express our judgment than in the words of Dr. Campbell himself in this very article. 'Of two evils, both bad, it is not easy to say which the more abounds—unblushing falsehood, or cunning malignity.' The editor of the 'Church' will not much distress himself at such a charge from such a quarter. It would be well for his accuser if all who know *him* would as readily give a verdict in his favour. Before concluding we should like to ask the editor of the 'Banner' whether he received a letter from the Rev. Charles Stovel, repudiating the construction put on his speech at the last annual meeting of the Baptist Home mission, as 'making a distinct and unmistakeable allusion to the recent transactions of the "Eclectic Review?"' Such was Dr. Campbell's language in the 'Banner' of April 24, when he wanted to damage the character of Dr. Price, and to destroy the 'Eclectic.' Did he then, we ask, receive a communication from Mr. Stovel, denying his having intended any such allusion, and, if he did, why was not the letter printed? If the fact be so—and we challenge Dr. Campbell to answer our inquiry—what can be thought of the effrontery of the following passage, printed in the 'Banner' of the 19th:—'Above all things, integrity is essential to the conduct of the press. A fig for intelligence, for eloquence, for everything, in the absence of integrity.' We want words to express our estimate of what is involved in combining such deeds with such words. Let the one or the other be abandoned. They cannot hold together.

Brief Notices.

The Men of Glasgow, and the Women of Scotland; Reasons for Differing from the Rev. Dr. Symington's View of the Levitical Marriage Law.
By T. Binney. 8vo. Pp. 68. London: Ward and Co.

THIS pamphlet was written by request, for the information of a gentleman, appointed by a public meeting, at Glasgow, to proceed to London as part of a deputation, to oppose Mr. Wortley's Marriage Bill. It so happened, that Mr. Binney visited Glasgow in April last, immediately after a large meeting had been held there in opposition to this measure; and as his views were known to be favourable to it, the topic became matter of conversation, and was subsequently adverted to in the correspondence of his Scotch friends. Dr. Symington's speech at the meeting in question was greatly applauded; and so high was the estimate formed of its ability and conclusiveness, that it was published as a separate tract, and copies of it were forwarded to Mr. Binney. Such, in brief, are the circumstances out of which this pamphlet has grown; and as we have read it with very considerable interest, so we should have been glad to devote considerable space to it, if time had permitted. It has reached us, however, so late in the month, that we must either be content to notice it briefly, or must defer it till the time will have passed for its doing the service which it is so admirably adapted to accomplish. The question itself is imminent; and we have, therefore, resolved to introduce the pamphlet at once, with our hearty, though brief commendation.

We have rarely met with a piece of controversial writing more to our mind. It is at once calm, clear, forcible, and decided; free from asperity and assumption, yet earnest in its tone and emphatic in its enunciation of the views embraced. 'I believe my own views to be right,' says Mr. Binney, 'and I shall try to prove this by constructing as sound and strong an argument as I can. If it be unsound, why then it will not hold together. It will be answerable. Let it be answered. Only let it be done by argument.' The subject discussed is obvious from the title-page; and its great importance will be readily admitted by all who have attended to the discussion recently carried on. Mr. Binney examines, with much pains-taking, the Levitical law pertaining to the matter, and by a variety of tests, brings out, as it appears to us, triumphantly, the conclusion, that, in Leviticus xviii. 18, 'Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is recognised and permitted in express terms. To forbid the possession, at the same time, of two sisters, as wives, and to sanction it successionaly, are the two sides of *the one thing*, which that particular clause of the Levitical marriage-law which we have been considering, was intended to embody.' The scriptural argument is thoroughly sifted, and the various pleas founded on general principles, which are urged in opposition to his views, are examined with acuteness and unsparing logic. To those who know Mr. Binney's writings

it will suffice to say that the pamphlet is eminently characteristic ; and to all others we say, read it for yourselves, do this immediately and with ordinary candour, and we shall be surprised if you do not admit that the theory to which the author is opposed, is thoroughly demolished, without any such exhibition as frequently mars the triumphs of controversialists.

The Apostles' School of Prophetic Interpretation ; with its History, down to the Present Time. By Charles Maitland, Author of 'The Church in the Catacombs.' London : Longman and Co.

'IN this work it has been attempted to collect together everything that the apostles taught the Church on the subject of unfulfilled prophecy—to ascertain all that the primitive believers might know as Jews, and all that they believed as Christians. This school of prophecy is next traced historically, through its fallings-off and its revivals, down to the present time. An appendix contains a short notice of the principal counter-interpretations.' Thus far Mr. Maitland in his statement of intention. That the intention has been most diligently carried out, we willingly testify. The plan adopted is to give copious extracts from the wide field of authorities—Jewish, Apostolical, Patristic, and more modern, through which the author ranges : these quotations being set in a lively historical commentary. As the work is historical, it is needless for us to enter on the disputed points. It will be enough to mention that, according to Mr. Maitland, the apostolic school is the one which, scouting the year-day theory, maintains that no prediction containing a set time 'is to be 'fulfilled in any other measure of time ;' regards Antichrist as an individual man yet to appear ; holds the pre-millennial advent ; and professes to be the only consistent, intelligible, literal, and apostolic interpreter. Mr. Maitland has collected a large mass of valuable historical proofs of the early, widespread reception of these views ; principally those parts of them which have reference to the four monarchies, the identification of Babylon with Rome, and its distinction from Antichrist. To all students of prophecy, who are desirous of studying the history of its interpretation, the book will be very valuable ; and to less learned readers it presents many attractions. Although prepared evidently with indefatigable labour, it is by no means a dry synopsis of criticisms—but absolutely runs over with animation. Mr. Maitland emerges from the chest of musty tomes as fresh and lively as if he had been wandering among 'hedge-rows green.' His style is one of unflagging vivacity—often forcible, often picturesque, full of sly hits and quiet sarcasm—which mingle oddly enough sometimes with the patristic learning round about them ; but which, nevertheless, make the work what is called 'readable,' and will not make the mass of erudition which it contains less likely to be retained by the student. People who conceive that books which are solid must necessarily be heavy, may differ from us ; but, for ourselves, we heartily thank Mr. Maitland for his valuable contributions to doctrine and history, and wish some other labourers in the same field would take a leaf out of his book.

The Poetical Works of James Montgomery. Collected by himself.
London: Longman and Co.

THE name of James Montgomery needs no introduction to the readers of the 'Eclectic.' It is a familiar sound, and has long been associated with their ideas of poetic genius, large philanthropy, and devout feeling. That such an author should be popular, to the extent of calling for two large editions of his collected poems—one in 1836, and the other in 1841—is a pleasing indication of the state of the public mind, and must be eminently gratifying to Mr. Montgomery. We rejoice in the fact on his own account, but we rejoice in it yet more as proof of the prevalence of sound taste and of healthful moral feeling. It is the more gratifying as Mr. Montgomery's early career was fiercely assailed by some of the leviathans of literature, whose hostility to his religious sentiments gave point and venom to their critical awards. The prefaces and notes contained in this volume greatly add to the value of the edition, which is printed, the author modestly tells us, 'in a more condensed form, with the hope that compositions, which at intervals through more than a quarter of a century, had previously obtained considerable attention, may yet secure some measure of similar indulgence for a few years longer.'

We need scarcely say that the style in which the volume is brought out, is worthy both of the poet and of his publishers. It is at once tasteful and elegant—fitted alike for the drawing-room and the study. It is not needful to say one word in its commendation. A more appropriate or beautiful present could not well be made to a cultivated friend.

A Life of Christopher Columbus. By Horace Roscoe St. John. London: S. Low.

WE have read this small volume with very considerable pleasure, and can honestly and warmly recommend it to our readers. It supplies, what has long been wanted in our language, a brief, yet accurate sketch of the romantic life of Columbus, written by a man of cultivated taste, and of sufficient information rightly to appreciate the services of the great navigator. The volume was prepared without the aid of Washington Irving's work, and was originally intended to be much larger. The appearance of the latter probably led Mr. St. John to abandon his design, while it enabled him readily to fill in the slighter details of his narrative. He pays a generous tribute to his contemporary, congratulating Washington Irving 'on his work, and America on the historian of her discovery.' This is as it should be, alike honourable to both parties, and worthy of imitation. Mr. St. John's volume bespeaks extensive knowledge, sound judgment, and a right appreciation of his hero. It is written with ease, fluency, and taste. The style is, in fact, in harmony with the theme, and the two make up a volume, the perusal of which, when once commenced, few will be content to leave unfinished. 'If,' says the author, in a preface, the modest and generous temper of which cannot be praised too highly, 'not elaborate in

its details, or complete in its execution, this narrative be found a true sketch of his career, it will have served its purpose. As it is modestly presented, so I hope it will be considerately judged.'

Grace and Truth. By Octavius Winslow, M.A. London: Shaw.

THIS volume is full of devout reflections, couched in language of a kind eagerly read by many good people, whose highest eulogium is 'beautiful book.' The author's evident piety is worthy of all respect, his themes are deeply important, and to many, his book will be very comforting. To us, we confess, it has, like most modern volumes of its school, a somewhat sickly religious sentimental aspect. We miss in the practical religious books of the present day, the bone and muscle of their rough predecessors; and we would willingly give a ton of the comparative refinement and feebleness, guiltless of all thought, which our devotional writers seem now-a-days to think the necessary accompaniment of their pious observations, for one grain of the former. We commend to Mr. Winslow, giving him all credit for having written what many will highly value, an old advice, 'add to your faith—virtue—manhood.'

A Voice from the North; or, the Foundation and Philosophy of Legislative and Governmental Principles: the Ways and Means of Social Amelioration deducible therefrom, and their bearings upon the true Happiness of Man. In a Series of Letters, dedicated and addressed to the leading British Statesmen of the day. By a Minister of the Church of Scotland. London: Wilson.

THIS concise and lucid title-page fronts seventy pages of the same sort of stuff, designed as an introductory epistle to the leading British statesmen, &c.—unfolding the author's political fundamental principle, that the Mosaic law is a digest of the elements of legislation and rule for all nations at all times. Apropos to this, we have a history of the world from Adam; a sketch of the French revolution; an eloquent plea for the admission of the Jews into Parliament; several apocalyptic speculations; and a few other matters, set forth in a style the reverse of the old divine's profession, 'for the matter largely, but for the manner in few words.'

The Self-Instructor in German. By Falck Lebahn, Author of 'German in One Volume,' 'Practice in German,' &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1850.

THE high repute which Mr. Falck Lebahn already enjoys among the professors and the students of the German language, will be in every way enhanced by the present volume. His first book may be said to have been the portal; his second was the avenue of approach; but he has now entered the interior, and presents us with two comedies—the one from the pen of Kotzebue, the other from that of the powerful and prolific Schiller. They have been judiciously chosen, and are remarkable for their interest. A full vocabulary, and copious explana-

tory notes, lead the learner through the intricacies of the plays, with all the facility of an accomplished guide. We recommend the 'Self-Instructor' to the notice of all who have entered on the study of the German tongue, which is in itself rich in resources, and has become a favourite and fashionable study in this country. The book will prove a most valuable master, and if accompanied by its predecessors forms a library of instruction in the language. We speak thus confidently from actual experience. All we know of German we have learnt from Mr. Lebahn's books, and the British press has borne a universal testimony in their favour. We owe thanks to a gentleman of high literary and classical acquirements, who leaves his country to diffuse among us a knowledge of his native language. It is, therefore, perhaps, superfluous to repeat that we consider the 'Self-Instructor,' and its companion volumes, entitled to the highest praise that can be bestowed on writers of this class. They are plain, practical, complete, and well-arranged.

Brief Outline of the Study of Theology, drawn up to serve as the basis of Introductory Lectures. By the late Dr. Friedrich Schleiermacher. To which are prefixed, 'Reminiscences of Schleiermacher,' by Dr. Friedrich Lücke. Translated from the German, by William Farrer, LL.B. Edinburgh: Clark.

MISTINESS is generally supposed to be an attribute of German theology in its best form, while some good folks shrewdly suspect that to the smoke is added in large measure the fume of brimstone. It must, we should think, somewhat surprise those who have fancied that we English possess a monopoly of clear, definite ideas, to find that the most methodical, rigidly precise ground-plan of the entire science of theology, exhibiting all its parts in their mutual connexion and relative value to the whole, existing in our language, is this translation of a German work. It gives, what our theological literature has long wanted, a skeleton of the objects of theology, apart from a discussion of the various opinions held upon them; furnishing the student with a broad, comprehensive outline of the whole range of his science—a sort of block-plan of the city, or geological map of the country—in contradistinction to the systems of theology which we have been accustomed to, and which, in the author's own words, are '*material*, rather than *formal*, encyclopædias, discussing the *contents* of the various branches of the science, rather than their *organization*.' This is an object which, excepting a few introductory lectures from a few professors of divinity, our English theologians have almost lost sight of. Instead, we have had monographs from them on all subjects—bones very many; but they have never, as they ought, supplied us with an outline of the principles on which bone is to come to bone—the scattered truths to be knit together in one. We do not enter here on any discussion of the correctness of Schleiermacher's division, but simply notice the fact, that this volume supplies us with a masterly sketch, developed with an aphorism-like compression, both of thought and language, and with a calm, clear breadth of vision, ranging

over the whole field, without ever losing sight of the unity of the whole, which leaves nothing to be desired.

Mr. Farrer has executed his task in a manner deserving the highest praise. He has put the book into English; which is more than we can say of the numerous half-competent translators, who are flooding us with a Babylonish dialect, unintelligible to anybody of either nation. We are glad to see that he intimates an intention of continuing his work on other of Schleiermacher's writings, if the present volume should be favourably received. We trust that the intelligent students of theology in England will soon relieve him of any doubt on that point.

Literary Intelligence.

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